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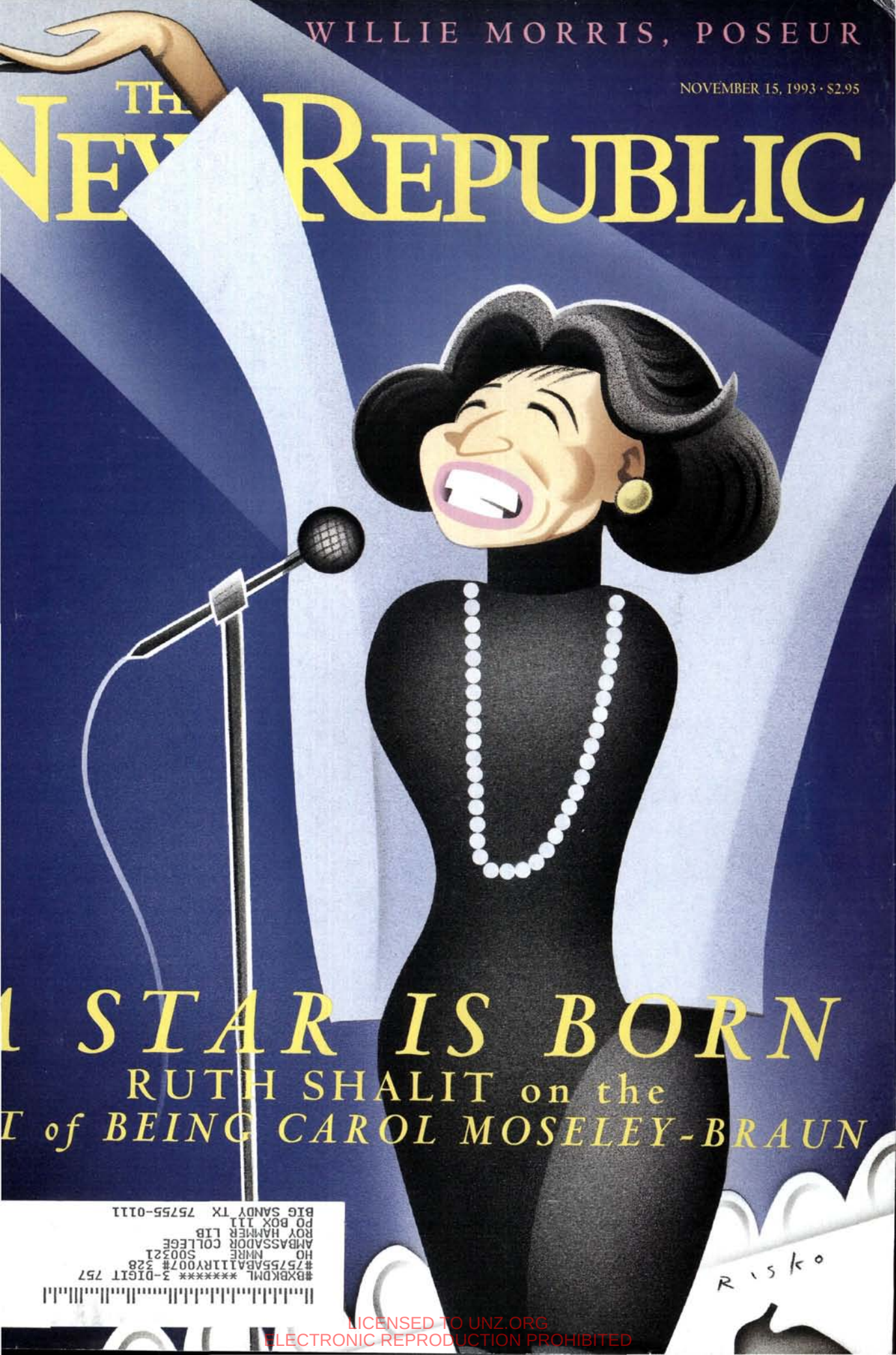

A STAR IS BORN

RUTH SHALIT on the

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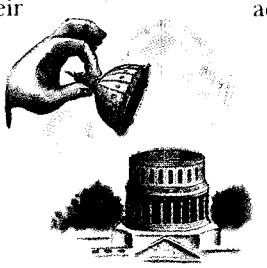
FROM WASHINGTON

Picky, picky

School choice is an interesting idea. If I were living in California, I might well vote for Proposition 174, a choice initiative on the ballot there. What galls me, though, is the incredible self-righteousness of choice advocates—their insistence that choice is the only and obvious solution to what ails the nation's schools.

Choice advocates brandish like a trump card the fact that many choice opponents send their own children to private schools. Chelsea Clinton is the leading example. (President Clinton favors a limited version of choice among public schools, but he opposes allowing parents to spend public funds on private education.) According to *The Wall Street Journal*, almost a fifth of all public school teachers in California—whose union is spending millions opposing Prop 174—educate their own kids privately. That's double the percentage of Californians generally. Nationwide, about 40 percent of urban public school teachers send their kids to private schools.

This is held to demonstrate two things. First, that the public schools must really be in trouble if many teachers themselves won't send their kids there. That is true enough, but I don't know anyone who denies it. Second, it is held to demonstrate the hypocrisy of choice opponents, who would deny others an option they themselves exercise. Does it really?



We should all try harder than we do, no doubt, to live by our professed values. Of course if it were terminally hypocritical to oppose government financing so that everyone can afford every "choice" you yourself make, school choice advocates—who tend to be politically conservative—would fail that test more often than school choice opponents. Even quite liberal folks who "choose" to eat dinner in restaurants, go to Florida in the winter, etc., do not necessarily favor government programs to provide poor folks the same "choice."

To be sure, schooling is different. It is something even conservatives generally agree that society has an obligation to provide, one way or another. Even here, though, the logic of "choice" does not follow automatically.

Take another example: public parks. Even most conservatives would accept that society should provide some access to green space for all its citizens. Many who can afford it, however, choose instead to purchase their own green space, in backyards or second homes or country clubs. This group probably includes most leading advocates of public parks. Would "school choice" zealots favor a "park choice" system, whereby the government would pay for poor people to "opt out" of the public parks and join country clubs? Well, perhaps some of them would. But would they regard it as hypocritical for anyone with a backyard of her own to oppose such an idea?

With schooling, as with parks, what society owes every citizen is quality, not choice. Advocates of school choice must make their case pragmatically—as the best way to provide universal schooling—not as a matter of abstract principle. Perhaps they can do it. But they haven't done it yet.

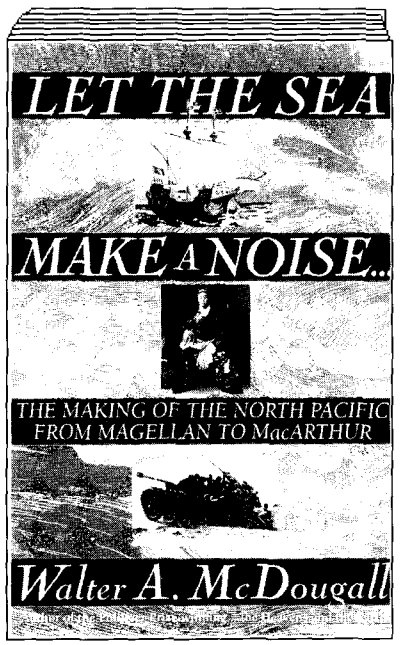
You would not know this from much of the school choice agitprop, which treats the question as settled. Public schools are dismissed as "socialism," which couldn't possibly work. Choice supporters say this even though public schools did work throughout much of our history until recently, and still do work in many places. Full-fledged school choice, by contrast, has never been tried. Some foreign countries have expanded school options of various sorts, but none resembles the pure choice system being advocated for America.

Still, it is no argument against trying something that it has never been tried. Everyone agrees that many public school systems are lousy. This is a perfect opportunity to apply Brandeis's famous dictum that the states are "laboratories of democracy." Let one or two of them try it. See if it works.

Liberal opposition even to trying school choice smacks of what Kevin Phillips once famously called "reactionary liberalism": a defense of the governmental status quo. What ought to be important to liberals as a matter of principle is what the state guarantees to all

continued on page 41

Imagine a tale told by a dreaming professor



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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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CORRESPONDENCE

Forehead watch

To the editors:

THE NEW REPUBLIC has never been excessively concerned with facts, but Jacob Weisberg's piece on Senator Kay Bailey Hutchison ("Kay Bailey Forehead," October 18) is hopelessly riddled with error. A few examples:

Weisberg writes that Hutchison "became the director of a bank that failed." In fact, the bank in question, Fidelity National, has never failed and is currently making a profit. He writes that she "invested in a series of unsuccessful businesses, including a furniture showroom and a candy factory. Having flopped in business, she . . . " In fact, both businesses were, and still are, successful and profitable.

Weisberg implies without elaboration that Hutchison has changed her views on abortion to suit the polls. She has not. He states that "she came out for term limits—though she never explained why." In fact, she elaborated on her term limit position on at least eighty occasions during the campaign, in party forums, debates, press conferences, editorial boards—whenever she got a chance.

Weisberg writes that Hutchison dispatched two pro-life congressmen in "the February Republican primary." In fact, there was no primary, in February or any other month. Did the two representatives' split of the pro-life vote allow Hutchison to sneak through the May 1 special election, as Weisberg states? Hardly. Her May 1 vote exceeded the *combined total* of the half-dozen pro-life GOP candidates, including the two congressmen.

By relying on newspaper clippings and failing to do even rudimentary checking, Weisberg makes numerous other errors. The anecdote about misidentifying Jesse Jackson, for example, is apocryphal. Charges about trading a job for an endorsement by a onetime opponent, and giving an underwriting contract to a contributor, were widely circulated by her Democratic opponent during the campaign and were just as thoroughly discredited. They live on only in the pages of THE NEW REPUBLIC.

DAVID C. BECKWITH
Spokesperson for Senator Hutchison
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:

Jacob Weisberg's hatchet job on Senator Kay Bailey Hutchison is your basic, 1,000-word essay on a sexist theme, à la Rush Limbaugh and G. Gordon Liddy, complete with the stock Barbie doll/bitch makeovers reserved only for uppity women.

How is it that any reference to Kay Hutchison's record landslide, her string of female firsts and her growing Democratic power base could be so hysterically repressed? And if Weisberg's scandal sensors couldn't conjure more than a "tut, tut" (giving full credit to a partisan D.A.'s allegations), then what about the obvious civil liberties issues? Citizen Hutchison faces sixty years in prison thanks to a dispute about computer-generated thank you notes that the Travis County D.A. (who wants her job) solemnly describes as "public records." Last year's spectacle of San Francisco's D.A. playing hard-left politics with the ADL should have been a warning. This tactic's catching on—wake up!

S. REID HELLER
Dallas, Texas

To the editors:

Jacob Weisberg fell into the sexist trap of labeling a moderately Republican woman who has fought her way into the world's most exclusive club as bitchy and vacuous, while a moderate man would be a tough and driven consensus builder who is thoughtful on the issues.

Kay Bailey Hutchison clearly had a message for Texas voters. It makes you wonder if Weisberg would have profiled Senator Bill Bradley or Justice Byron White as just another dumb jock.

MARILYN SULLIVAN
Austin, Texas

To the editors:

Bravo to Jacob Weisberg for his take on Senator Breck Girl. As a Texas voter living out of state, I viewed her pre-election appearances on national news programs with dismay and then resignation. When I asked my father-in-law, a thoughtful Republican, whether "there was any there," he replied, "No. It just gives Phil Gramm two votes. Could be worse." Quayle-Hutchison '96?

STEVE MEYER
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Jacob Weisberg replies:

I appreciate David Beckwith's concern for the facts, but he should be more careful with his own. The bank I was referring to was not Fidelity, but RepublicBank, which did fail. Hutchison was vice president as well as general counsel. During the campaign Hutchison never offered any substantiation for Beckwith's assertion that her two brief business ventures were successful. She did say that the candy business, which she sold after three years, was the hardest thing she had ever done. I didn't claim she changed her view on abortion, only that her views were well-suited to her political situation in 1993. Though I did mistakenly refer to the special election and runoff as a primary and general election, the point Beckwith is trying to deny stands. To get to the runoff Hutchison had to beat a field of pro-life Republicans. Her hedged position on the issue helped her do this; she got all the pro-choice votes as well as many of the pro-life ones. In an exhaustive review of the campaign literature, I was unable to find any arguments Hutchison made for term limits, as opposed to assertions of support for them. What were Hutchison's reasons? I have no better idea after Beckwith's letter. The anecdote about misidentifying Jesse Jackson was reported by the *Los Angeles Times* in August. Hutchison did not, so far as I am aware, deny it at that time. As for the other allegations Beckwith says were "thoroughly discredited," they were so only in the sense that Hutchison was elected, and continues to serve in the Senate, in spite of them.

Br'er Michael

To the editors:

Michael Lewis and THE NEW REPUBLIC fell for a ploy as old as Br'er Rabbit's ("The Access Capitalists," October 18). "How do I keep it from being a cover story?" asked David Rubenstein, in the story's closing sentence. Boy! Did you ever show Br'er Dave a thing or two. The whole story, despite its negative tone, reads more like a well-placed piece from a savvy publicity firm. Of course, they would not want it to look well-placed. Better—and classier—to downplay The Carlyle Group's influence, to deny it. With nothing of substance from Rubenstein's mouth that either he or others do not contradict later, we are left with the story of the rise of Frank Carlucci's dubious eminence in the business world, and we are sold on his one peculiar asset: compliant access. However it works makes no difference; it is apparent that it works.

Your story succeeds in portraying a class of people whose livelihoods are based on skimming the margins from which should come the profits of the commonwealth, avoiding taxation in the process. They operate under corporate exemption from national security, ethics and morality, which makes it desirable to borrow the cultivated auras of patriotism and ethics from public figures. What a windfall it can be to get Frank Carlucci's defense contacts rolled into the deal, since those matter more to

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most clients than the perceived accountability of the former government officials. But when it comes to media placement, as long as The Carlyle Group is not portrayed in handcuffs crossing the threshold of a federal penitentiary, any publicity will do.

MARK ROBERTS
Dallas, Texas

To the editors:

Michael Lewis implies in "The Access Capitalists" that The Carlyle Group has used its "access" to get companies to sell their defense businesses at a discount. Certainly, Washington connections can be worth millions, but it's hard to believe that these connections can convince publicly held companies to give away assets.

If The Carlyle Group succeeds (profits, if any, are still only on paper), it will be because its principals understood that the stock market temporarily undervalued many defense-related businesses. The knowledge of which businesses fit this category is something Frank Carlucci and his partners picked up through their many years of government service. But should an individual be prohibited from buying assets based on having gained such knowledge while in the government? How about former ambassadors investing in the countries they learned about? Or former HHS employees investing in the medical industry?

I wish I owned part of Carlyle. They have made some brilliant moves, without stretching the rules of our capitalist system or crossing the boundaries of propriety by using their former government positions for private gain.

JAN M. LODAL
McLean, Virginia

To the editors:

I was appalled by Michael Lewis's cavalier dismissal of Frank Carlucci as being merely "nicked in the back with a knife" following an automobile accident in the Congo in 1960.

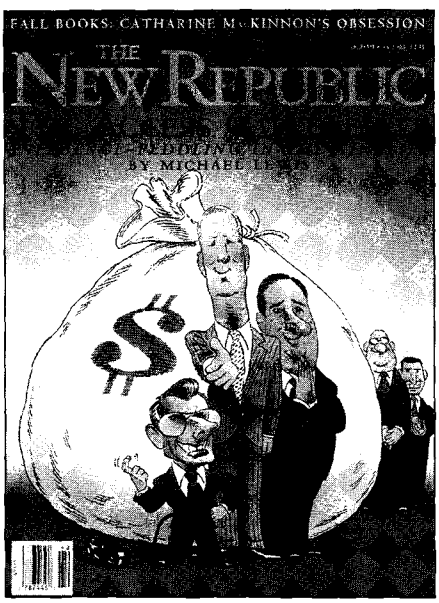
I served in the American Embassy in Leopoldville (now Kinshasa), and I was on the N'djili road and at N'djili airport the day Carlucci was stabbed. I saw Carlucci and the people whose lives he saved when he deliberately drew the crowd away from the other passengers in the car. Had Lewis bothered to speak with anyone who served in Leopoldville at that time, he would have learned that Carlucci fought a knife-wielding Congolese with his bare hands in order to buy time for the others to escape. The "nick" Lewis described missed Carlucci's spinal cord by a fraction of an inch and required hospitalization. Lewis's description of Carlucci's heroic action represents a contemptible distortion of the facts.

LAWRENCE R. DEVLIN
Washington, D.C.

Worthy programs

To the editors:

Numerous insinuations appeared in Osha Gray Davidson's "Guns and Poses" in the October 11 issue of THE NEW REPUBLIC. Let's set some things straight. First of all, the National Association of Chiefs of Police (NACOP) and the American Federation of Police (AFP) are far from "phony," as Davidson wrote. Both organizations have nonprofit educational status from the Internal Revenue Service; they have a combined member-



ship of more than 111,000; and for more than thirty years they have been engaged in numerous worthy programs. I have appeared as an authoritative spokesman for law enforcement on such network news programs as "60 Minutes" and "CBS This Morning," and I have been quoted in literally hundreds of daily newspapers.

It is true that NACOP annually conducts a poll of U.S. law enforcement department heads. But to say that those surveys support the National Rifle Association's contention that most chiefs oppose gun control is simply incorrect. The latest survey results, released in April 1993, showed 77.7 percent of the police chiefs and other agency heads favoring passage of the Brady Bill, even though 97.3 percent said the five-day waiting period for background checks of gun license applicants would not prevent criminals from rapidly securing firearms from illegal sources.

To quote anyone, especially those with personal axes to grind, as questioning my integrity or credentials is downright unjust. In comparison to the total lack of police work experience of the current executive director of the International Association of Chiefs of Police I proudly hold my more than forty years of public service, including serving as a sheriff's deputy, chief of police, supervising park ranger and special agent for the U.S. Air Force Office of Special Investigation.

The allegations concerning the National Law Enforcement Academy are equally unfounded. The 1960 program was far from "highly profitable," raising less than $400. And the head of the academy's committee promptly resigned after it was discovered that he lacked credentials that had been approved by the Indiana Board of Education.

Further alarming is the fact that we got no call for our side of the story from anyone identifying himself as Osha Gray Davidson. Rather, our records show that on August 10 a man calling himself Osha Robinson asked some questions on other matters but never brought up any of the allegations relative to the NRA. If he had, we could have set him straight then—if he would have listened or cared.

GERALD S. ARENBERG
Executive Director, National Association of Chiefs of Police
Washington, D.C.

Osha Gray Davidson replies:

The fact that Gerald Arenberg has for years passed himself off as "an authoritative spokesperson for law enforcement" does not make him one. Instead, it suggests gullibility and/or sloth on the part of far too many reporters and producers.

Anyone who wants to learn the truth about Arenberg's "worthy programs" should read the excellent investigative report by *Miami Herald* reporter Patrick May ("Phone Pitches for Slain Cops' Kids Questioned," August 4, 1991). And for the record: I used my own name when I interviewed Arenberg. Perhaps he should take some of the millions of dollars his bogus police groups raise from trusting citizens and use it to hire more competent secretarial help.

Still with us

To the editors:

Maurice Lever's review of *Sade: A Biography* ("Of Human Bondage," October 18) claims that the former marquis was still sexually active at age 84, in 1814. But Sade was born in 1740, as noted elsewhere in the article, and thus was only 74 at the time, which may help explain his virility.

KENNETH SILBER
New York, New York

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

NOVEMBER 15, 1993

IN JEOPARDY

The attorney general announced this week that she is reviewing the verdicts in the Reginald Denny case to decide whether the federal government should file civil rights charges against the black men acquitted of beating a white truck driver. In September she began a similar review of the Crown Heights verdicts to determine whether the black teenagers who murdered Yankel Rosenbaum also violated his civil rights. That followed the successful re-prosecution of the defendants in the Rodney King trial. The use of civil rights laws to retry cases has become quite a fad; but it's one that, in our view, ought to stop. It threatens to turn genuine civil rights prosecutions into quick-fix political solutions for irrational verdicts.

As Frederick Lawrence of Boston University argues in the June issue of the *Tulane Law Review*, the original purpose of the Reconstruction-era civil rights laws was to provide a federal remedy for criminal cases in which local prosecutors were unwilling or unable to prosecute public officials. The Ku Klux Klan Act of 1871 was passed in reaction to events like the Memphis riot of 1866, where policemen were not tried for shooting and beating local blacks. Following the "Mississippi Burning" murder of three civil rights workers in 1964, the laws were extended to cover private citizens, as well as public officials.

In the past few years, however, civil rights prosecutions have been inverted in an unanticipated way: they are now used when local juries fail to convict, not when local prosecutors fail to prosecute. As a result, they raise serious questions of double jeopardy. Technically, the Supreme Court has said that double jeopardy doesn't apply when a defendant faces federal civil rights charges after being acquitted of state criminal charges, because the federal government and the state government are separate "sovereigns." But in practice, defendants are being forced to run the same gauntlet twice for essentially the same conduct. This should make civil libertarian knees jerk.

Resorting to federal prosecution in the face of state acquittals also injects a toxic dose of politics into trials that are already dangerously political; and it creates the (accurate) impression that the justice system can be manipulated by public emotions. Janet Reno, for example, was on the verge of rejecting civil rights charges in the Crown Heights case until she was lobbied by New York Representative Charles Schumer. Jurors are no less immune to political pressure. Interviews with those on the panel for the second King trial suggest they were painfully aware of the public support for convictions, and took it upon themselves to play the role of civic peacemakers.

By making every crime a potential bias crime, the Justice Department also threatens to stretch the meaning of civil rights laws beyond the point of coherence. If the attorney general's goal is to second-guess lawless and arbitrary jury verdicts, then there is no principled way for her to distinguish the acquittal of Rosenbaum's murderers from the acquittal of Meir Kahane's murderers, who were brought up on civil rights charges in August. But it strains credibility to pretend that Rosenbaum's assailant, Lemrick Nelson, was part of a conspiracy to deprive Rosenbaum of his right to vote or to testify at a trial. Denny's assailants, by contrast, could more plausibly be charged with a conspiracy to deny the truck-driver's right to use the public highways. It would be more accurate, however, to describe them as enraged rioters who hit him in the head with a brick.

The expansion of federal civil rights prosecutions encourages one final dishonesty: it helps us avert our eyes from the refusal of many American juries to apply the law impartially in racially charged cases. "The anger should be directed not at jurors struggling with hard political issues," Susan Estrich of the University of Southern California argued in *The New York Times* last week, "but at the politicians struggling to avoid them." This is pseudo-populism of the cheapest kind. The truth is that juries often decide irresponsibly, irrationally, even immorally, as they seem to have done in the King, Denny and Rosenbaum cases. In racially charged trials, the polarization of our society, the fatal mix of liberal condescension to racial minorities and conservative complacency about equal opportunity, has made color-blind justice an increasingly elusive ideal. It's a sad state of affairs. But it's only compounded by civil rights posturing and federally imposed double jeopardy. •

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NOTEBOOK

QUAYLEISM OF THE WEEK: "Life is very important to Americans."—Bob Dole, asked whether American lives are more important than foreign lives, C-SPAN, October 24, 1993

WASHINGTON DIARIST: Bob Packwood says he's not trying to blackmail his colleagues by disclosing details from his personal diaries while refusing to turn them over to the Senate Ethics Committee. Hmmm. If anybody in Washington has a demonstrated record of keeping secrets secret, it's the Ethics Committee. Packwood has no reason to think his diaries will not remain confidential—unless he and his attorneys plan to continue publicizing their contents. According to a report by Nina Totenberg of National Public Radio, committee lawyers took interest in the diaries only after Packwood raised them in his own defense. And indeed, the only reason we know the diaries say anything at all about the sex lives of other legislators is because Packwood's lawyer, James Fitzpatrick, announced the fact to the press. If the proceedings against Packwood were being held in a court of law, the diaries would almost certainly be admissible as evidence. A judge would decide, in camera, what parts were relevant—which is exactly what the Ethics Committee wants to do. And remember that the only reason the case against Packwood is not being held in a court of law is because the Senate has exempted itself from the law in question, namely those sections of the Civil Rights Act that apply to sex discrimination. So Packwood should respond to the Ethics Committee subpoena and give up the diaries. Unless, of course, he prefers to do the honorable thing he should have done months ago: resign.

IT'S ANOTHER QUAGMIRE, BILL, A TRAP.
THEY'VE NEVER HAD A STABLE POLITICAL SYSTEM AND NEVER WILL.
I DON'T CARE. I'M GOING IN.
TOLES ©1993
AAIIIIEEE!
HE SHOULD'VE AT LEAST TAKEN A WEAPON.

UNMAD HATTER: They've come a long way since the campaign. The Clinton administration now believes that the presence of lesbians and gay men in the United States military will cause "irreparable harm" to the institution, and that allowing them to serve without threat of punishment creates an "emergency" for the security of the republic. Last Tuesday Solicitor General Drew S. Days III sought an emergency order from the Supreme Court to suspend the ruling by U.S. District Judge Terry J. Hatter, which had put the military's discriminatory policy on hold. We have our problems with the scope of Hatter's ruling, but whatever its constitutional difficulties, it's no reason for the administration to act so aggressively to strike it down. There's already an appeal winding its way through the 9th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals. And the longer the discrimination is suspended, the easier it will be to show how irrational the military's arguments really are. Forgive us, but we hadn't noticed that the presence of gays and lesbians had irreparably harmed our military actions in Somalia and Haiti, or that our defense forces had been *in emergency* breakdown since official gay-baiting was lifted earlier this year. What has gotten into the Clintonites? It's one thing to compromise. It's another thing to turn yourself into the people you once campaigned to oppose.

CLINTON SUCK-UP WATCH: "Clinton was very impressive. He was an uncommonly good listener and a quick study.... I'd met a lot of politicians in my life and he was refreshingly different. As I got to know him better over the succeeding weeks ... I found that I admired his breadth of vision, his knowledge and his obvious caring for people.... He had a powerful and retentive mind.... The idea that he is somehow 'slick' or deceptive did not mesh with the reality I saw.... I would call him a humanist."—Admiral William J. Crowe Jr., *The Line of Fire*, Simon and Schuster (1993)

(Thanks to Gregory C. McCarthy, Alexandria, Virginia.)

WELCOME BACK: To Amy Knox, our former star copy editor, who's now become assistant editor. •

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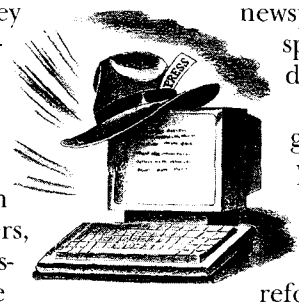
SOURCE-GREASING

By Claire Sterling

One thing that hasn't changed much in the new Russia is the paleological Communist view of the capitalist press: they are considered rich and venal. For Boris Yeltsin's regime, therefore, Western reporters in Moscow are an easy source of revenue. If they want information, they must pay, in dollars.

In June 1992, after months of silent outrage, foreign journalists finally rebelled: Moscow's Foreign Correspondents Association formally protested to President Yeltsin against the practice of "completely unethical checkbook journalism." An increasing number of government officials are "exploiting a monopoly position to demand money for services which they should provide free of charge," the association said. The group went on to catalog thirty such shakedowns. "We believe these are the tip of the iceberg," the report declared.



Leading the list of offenders was Valentin Stepankov, Russia's prosecutor general. With access to the old guard's secret papers, Stepankov was the cream of the cream of Russian sources. (Stepankov was fired after the second abortive coup in October, though not for this reason.) But he gave nothing away for nothing. In 1991 his spokesman demanded $250 and up in hard currency for interviews requested by the BBC, CNN, *The Wall Street Journal* and *Newsday*. The prosecutor general had every right to be paid for such "creative work," his spokesman explained.

The Russian military was no different. The Interior and Defense Ministries informed foreign reporters that T.V. crews seeking to film a story or conduct an interview would have to sign contracts for "joint video production," at a fee. The Defense Ministry asked *Corriere Della Sera*, an Italian newspaper, to fork over $150 if it wanted to cover the spring call-up for Russian army recruits. Canadian Broadcasting paid $450 to film the event. A spokesman for the Defense Ministry told the Associated Press that a story on housing at a military base would cost $150 for a print reporter and $600 if a photographer came along. *The Philadelphia Inquirer* was told it would cost $500 in cash to visit a tank division in Nizhny Novgorod. When the reporter said it was too much, a spokesman for the Commonwealth Armed Forces offered to settle for $300 plus a fax machine and Xerox paper.

The press office for Marshal Yevgeny Shaposhnikov, the Commonwealth military commander, offered the A.P. a trip to a strategic missile site for $800, promising to have strategic rockets "taken off alert" for the occasion. A reporter for the Paris daily *Liberation* who requested an interview with the marshal was advised: "You know, there are already a bunch of people waiting for that, and quite a few are richer than your newspaper."

The KGB was not exempt from such behavior, either. *Spy* magazine was asked to pay $200 for material from KGB archives. An agent told the reporter that she could meet the chief of foreign intelligence for $600. A Mexican T.V. correspondent paid $300 to tour the KGB headquarters. "We need hard currency for our work," she was told.

The Atomic Energy Ministry demanded $1,000 from the A.P. for permission to visit the nuclear ruins of Chernobyl. The news organization would have to sign a contract guaranteeing payment, the ministry said. The Australian Broadcasting Company had the same experience. *Business Week*, requesting an interview with the ministry's chief, was told: "Please be prepared that it will be on a contract basis." Otherwise, the minister would be "unavailable." The ministry's press office told *The Washington Post* that all visits to secret installations had to be paid for. Informed that it was against the newspaper's policy to pay for stories, the spokesman replied: "In any case, we prefer to deal with rich newsmen."

The police seem to be masters of this game, too. Fuji T.V. of Japan said the Moscow police wanted $1,000 to $2,000 to film officers on patrol. The press office at Central Police Headquarters demanded several thousand dollars from NBC to film police at work. The reformist daily *Kuranty* reported a fixed fee of $1,000 for a ride in a Russian police car. The fee for covering "special operations" was "much higher."

The list goes on and on. The Kalashnikov gun factory in Tula asked the BBC for $1,000 an hour to film inside its plant. When Britain's Independent Radio News asked the Moscow mayor's press office about a possible ban on a city demonstration, the officer said he would be "working for the radio station" if he answered, and so "would be entitled to a salary." Even the unglamorous Russian State Committee for Statistics has gotten into the act. When the A.P. phoned to ask for the latest population figures in the Kaliningrad region, the caller was referred to the committee's "commercial department."

While some say the money is needed desperately for faxes or computers, others make no excuses: Western reporters can take it or leave it. Those who have to live and work in Moscow may refuse sometimes or even often, but not always. When they surrender, it is without illusions. They will get no more than they pay for—the higher the fee, the better the story, and vice-versa.

So what is actually happening in Moscow?

CLAIRE STERLING is the author of the forthcoming *Thieves' World: International Crime Without Frontiers* (Simon and Schuster).

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Is Homosexual Conduct Wrong? A Philosophical Exchange.

Editors' note: the following arguments are taken from two legal depositions in the recently concluded trial in Denver, Colorado, on the constitutionality of Amendment 2, which bars local ordinances protecting homosexuals and lesbians from discrimination. John Finnis is a professor of law at Oxford University. Martha Nussbaum, a frequent TNR contributor, is a professor of philosophy at Brown University.

Disintegrity

The underlying thought is on the following lines. In masturbating, as in being masturbated or sodomized, one's body is treated as instrumental for the securing of the experiential satisfaction of the conscious self. Thus one disintegrates oneself in two ways, (*1*) by treating one's body as a mere instrument of the consciously operating self, and (*2*) by making one's choosing self the quasi-slave of the experiencing self which is demanding gratification. The worthlessness of the gratification, and the disintegration of oneself, are both the result of the fact that, in these sorts of behavior, one's conduct is not the actualizing and experiencing of a real common good. Marriage, with its double blessing—procreation and friendship—is a real common good. Moreover, it is a common good that can be both actualized and experienced in the orgasmic union of the reproductive organs of a man and a woman united in commitment to that good. Conjugal sexual activity, and—as Plato and Aristotle and Plutarch and Kant all argue—*only* conjugal activity is free from the shamefulness of instrumentalization that is found in masturbating and in being masturbated or sodomized.

At the very heart of the reflections of Plato, Xenophon, Aristotle, Musonius Rufus and Plutarch on the homoerotic culture around them is the very deliberate and careful judgment that homosexual *conduct* (and indeed all extramarital sexual gratification) is radically incapable of participating in, or actualizing, the common good of friendship. Friends who engage in such conduct are following a natural impulse and doubtless often wish their genital conduct to be an intimate expression of their mutual affection. But they are deceiving themselves. The attempt to express affection by orgasmic nonmarital sex is the pursuit of an illusion. The orgasmic union of the reproductive organs of husband and wife really unites them biologically (and their biological reality is part of, not merely an instrument of, their *personal* reality); that orgasmic union therefore can actualize and allow them to experience their real common good—their marriage with the two goods, children and friendship, which are the parts of its wholeness as an intelligible common good. But the common good of friends who are not and cannot be married (man and man, man and boy, woman and woman) has nothing to do with their having children by each other, and their reproductive organs cannot make them a biological (and therefore a personal) unit. So their genital acts together cannot do what they may hope and imagine.

In giving their considered judgment that homosexual conduct cannot actualize the good of friendship, Plato and the many philosophers who followed him intimate an answer to the questions why it should be considered shameful to use, or allow another to use, one's body to give pleasure, and why this use of one's body differs from one's bodily participation in countless other activities (e.g., games) in which one takes and/or gets pleasure. Their response is that pleasure is indeed a good, when it is the experienced aspect of one's participation in some intelligible good, such as a task going well, or a game or a dance or a meal or a reunion. Of course, the activation of sexual organs with a view to the pleasures of orgasm is sometimes spoken of as if it were a game. But it differs from real games in that its point is not the exercise of skill; rather, this activation of reproductive organs is focused upon the body precisely as a source of pleasure for one's consciousness. So this is a "use of the body" in a strongly different sense of "use." The body now is functioning not in the way one, as a bodily person, acts to instantiate some other intelligible good, but precisely as providing a service to one's consciousness, to satisfy one's desire for satisfaction.

This disintegrity is much more obvious when masturbation is solitary. Friends are tempted to think that pleasuring each other by some forms of mutual masturbation could be an instantiation or actualization or promotion of their friendship. But that line of thought overlooks the fact that if their friendship is not marital . . . activation of their reproductive organs cannot be, in reality, an instantiation or actualization of their friendship's common good. In reality, whatever the generous hopes and dreams with which the loving partners surround their use of their genitals, *that use* cannot express more than is expressed if two strangers engage in genital activity to give each other orgasm, or a prostitute pleasures a client, or a man pleasures himself. Hence, Plato's judgment, at the decisive moment of the *Gorgias*, that there is no important distinction in essential moral worthlessness between solitary masturbation, being sodomized as a prostitute and being sodomized for the pleasure of it. . . .

Societies such as classical Athens and contemporary England (and virtually every other) draw a distinction between behavior found merely (perhaps extremely) offensive (such as eating excrement) and behavior to be repudiated as destructive of human character and relationships. Copulation of humans with animals is repudiated because it treats human sexual activity and satisfaction as something appropriately sought in a manner that, like the coupling of animals, is divorced from the expressing of an intelligible common good—and so treats human bodily life, in one of its most intense activities, as merely animal. The deliberate genital coupling of persons of the same sex is repudiated for a very similar reason. It is not simply that it is sterile and disposes the participants to an abdication of responsibility for the future of humankind. Nor is it simply that it cannot *really* actualize the mutual devotion that some homosexual persons hope to manifest and experience by it; nor merely that it harms the personalities of its participants by its disintegrative manipulation of different parts of their one personal reality. It is also that it treats human sexual capacities in a way that is deeply hostile to the self-understanding of those members of the community who are willing to commit themselves to real marriage [even one that happens to be sterile] in the understanding that its sexual joys are not mere instruments or accompaniments to, or mere compensation for, the accomplishments of marriage's responsibilities, but rather are *the actualizing and experiencing* of the intelligent commitment to share in those responsibilities . . .

This pattern of judgment, both widespread and sound, concludes as follows. Homosexual orientation—the

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deliberate willingness to promote and engage in homosexual acts—is a standing denial of the intrinsic aptness of sexual intercourse to actualize and give expression to the exclusiveness and open-ended commitment of marriage as something good in itself. All who accept that homosexual acts can be a humanly appropriate use of sexual capacities must, if consistent, regard sexual capacities, organs and acts as instruments to be put to whatever suits the purposes of the individual "self" who has them. Such an acceptance is commonly (and in my opinion rightly) judged to be an active threat to the stability of existing and future marriages; it makes nonsense, for example, of the view that adultery is per se (and not merely because it may involve deception), and in an important way, inconsistent with conjugal love. A political community that judges that the stability and educative generosity of family life is of fundamental importance to the community's present and future can rightly judge that it has a compelling interest in denying that homosexual conduct is a valid, humanly acceptable choice and form of life, and in doing whatever it properly can, as a community with uniquely wide but still subsidiary functions, to discourage such conduct.

JOHN FINNIS

Integrity

Finnis's arguments against homosexuality set themselves in a tradition of "natural law" argumentation that derives from ancient Greek traditions. The term "law of nature" was first used by Plato in his *Gorgias*. The approach is further developed by Aristotle, and, above all, by the Greek and Roman Stoics, who are usually considered to be the founders of natural law argumentation in the modern legal tradition, through their influence on Roman law. This being so, it is worth looking to see whether those traditions did in fact use "natural law" arguments to rule homosexual conduct morally or legally substandard.

Plato's dialogues contain several extremely moving celebrations of male-male love, and judge this form of love to be, on the whole, superior to male-female love because of its potential for spirituality and friendship. The *Symposium* contains a series of speeches, each expressing conventional views about this subject that Plato depicts in an appealing light. The speech by Phaedrus points to the military advantages derived by including homosexual couples in a fighting force: because of their intense love, each will fight better, wishing to show himself in the best light before his lover. The speech of Pausanias criticizes males who seek physical pleasure alone in their homosexual relationships, and praises those who seek in sex deeper spiritual communication. Pausanias mentions that tyrants will sometimes promulgate the view that same-sex relations are shameful in order to discourage the kind of community of dedication to political liberty that such relations foster. The speech of Aristophanes holds that all human beings are divided halves of formerly whole beings, and that sexual desire is the pursuit of one's lost other half; he points out that the superior people in any society are those whose lost "other half" is of the same sex—especially the male-male pairs—since these are likely to be the strongest and most warlike and civically minded people. Finally, Socrates's speech recounts a process of religious-mystical education in which male-male love plays a central guiding role and is a primary source of insight and inspiration into the nature of the good and beautiful.

Plato's *Phaedrus* contains a closely related praise of the intellectual, political and spiritual benefits of a life centered around male-male love. Plato says that the highest form of human life is one in which a male pursues "the love of a young man along with philosophy," and is transported by passionate desire. He describes the experience of falling in love with another male in moving terms, and defends relationships that are mutual and reciprocal over relationships that are one-sided. He depicts his pairs of lovers as spending their life together in the pursuit of intellectual and spiritual activities, combined with political participation. (Although no marriages for these lovers are mentioned, it was the view of the time that this form of life does not prevent its participants from having a wife at home, whom they saw only rarely and for procreative purposes.)

Aristotle speaks far less about sexual love than does Plato, but it is evident that he too finds in male-male relationships the potential for the highest form of friendship, a friendship based on mutual well-wishing and mutual awareness of good character and good aims. He does not find this potential in male-female relationships, since he holds that females are incapable of good character. Like Pausanias in Plato's *Symposium*, Aristotle is critical of relationships that are superficial and concerned only with bodily pleasure; but he finds in male-male relationships—including many that begin in this way—the potential for much richer developments.

The ideal city of the Greek Stoics was built around the idea of pairs of male lovers whose bonds gave the city rich sources of motivation for virtue. Although the Stoics wished their "wise man" to eliminate most passions from his life, they encouraged him to foster a type of erotic love that they defined as "the attempt to form a friendship inspired by the perceived beauty of young men in their prime." They held that this love, unlike other passions, was supportive of virtue and philosophical activity.

Furthermore, Finnis's argument, in his article against homosexuality, is a bad moral argument by any standard, secular or theological. First of all, it assumes that the purpose of a homosexual act is always or usually casual bodily pleasure and the instrumental use of another person for one's own gratification. But this is a false premise, easily disproved by the long historical tradition I have described and by the contemporary lives of real men and women. Finnis offers no evidence for this premise, or for the equally false idea that procreative relations cannot be selfish and manipulative. Second, having argued that a relationship is better if it seeks not casual pleasure but the creation of a community, he then assumes without argument that the only sort of community a sexual relationship can create is a "procreative community." This is, of course, plainly false. A sexual relationship may create, quite apart from the possibility of procreation, a community of love and friendship, which no religious tradition would deny to be important human goods. Indeed, in many moral traditions, including those of Plato and Aristotle, the procreative community is ranked beneath other communities created by sex, since it is thought that the procreative community will probably not be based on the best sort of friendship and the deepest spiritual concerns. That may not be true in a culture that values women more highly than ancient Greek culture did; but the possibility of love and friendship between individuals of the same sex has not been removed by these historical changes.

MARTHA NUSSBAUM

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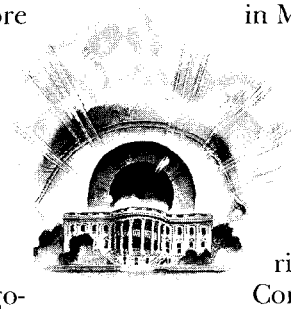
WHITE HOUSE WATCH

MESSAGE: I CAVE

By Fred Barnes

On September 22, the day of his health care speech to Congress, Bill Clinton invited congressional leaders to the White House for a preview of his proposal. Both Hillary Rodham Clinton and Vice President Al Gore joined the president for the briefing. House Republican Whip Newt Gingrich, for one, was amazed at the president's tack. Clinton said everything was negotiable in his health care plan except universal coverage. Okay, said Gingrich, then why not treat this fall as a time for the public reaction, then convene a bipartisan group on Capitol Hill in the winter to rewrite the plan? The president responded warmly to the idea (or at least Gingrich thought so). Hillary Clinton appeared less thrilled.

Clinton didn't intend to sound retreat before he had even delivered his nationally televised address on health care. But that's what he signaled as surely as if he'd said, "Message: I cave." This was reinforced later by his and Hillary Clinton's public statements that universal coverage was their overriding objective. "That can't be negotiable," she told CNN on September 23. However, Gingrich and others in Congress were struck by what *is* negotiable, namely everything else in the plan (except maybe the employer mandate). And this points up what I think is the paradox of the Clinton presidency. Clinton is the most activist president since LBJ, tossing off proposals and bold policies like confetti. He's also the most easily spooked. There's a Clinton pattern here: propose and retreat, a mix of policy activism and political passivity.



The source is a super-sensitivity to the wishes of Congress. "We're too tied to congressional will or whim," grouses a senior Clinton adviser. Normally it's the liberal majority among Senate and House Democrats to whom Clinton caters. The best example is his budget. Rather than craft a budget to spur economic growth and job creation, Clinton produced one that merely reversed what President Reagan had done. It raised individual tax rates, expanded social spending and cut Pentagon expenditures. This is what Democrats in Congress had relished for a decade, but not what Clinton had proposed in the 1992 campaign. Once elected, he retreated.

He's also backed off in the face of strong GOP pressure. When Republicans threatened to abandon the North American Free Trade Agreement because it included $2.5 billion in new taxes, Clinton instantly retreated. He told Gingrich at a White House meeting on October 19 that he would substitute something Republicans would readily accept. (The revenue is needed to offset tariffs that NAFTA will negate.) True, he was doing this to preserve NAFTA's chances of ratification. But he tried no salesmanship at all. His first and only impulse was to pull back.

Clinton's pandering to Congress is reminiscent of George Bush. "I want to work with Congress to determine the will of the people," Bush said, and he meant it. Since Bush had no agenda, Democrats simply tried to impose their own and often succeeded. As John Podhoretz notes in *Hell of a Ride*, a scathing account of Bush's presidency, Bush didn't understand that the president alone is supposed to reflect the national will, while Congress represents parochial interests. "The president is supposed to harness the factions of Congress together so that it will fund projects that serve the nation as a whole," Podhoretz writes. Bush didn't try. Clinton sometimes does, but retreats if there's a puff of protest.

The Clinton pattern is painfully evident in foreign policy. Start with Somalia. Trouble erupted after Defense Secretary Les Aspin turned down a request for tanks and Bradley fighting vehicles. Armored vehicles might have rescued Army rangers from the ambush in Mogadishu in which twenty were killed. Why did Aspin spurn the request? One reason cited by Pentagon officials was the backlash that a deployment of armor would have caused in Congress. At a White House meeting attended by thirty-six members of Congress, Aspin gave roughly the same explanation. Of course, he was right. It would have generated heartburn in Congress.

A backlash occurred anyway after the American soldiers were killed. Clinton's response was bold, but not for long. "It is essential that we conclude our mission in Somalia, but that we do it with firmness and steadiness of purpose," he said. A major part of the mission was nation-building. "Through their pressure and presence, our troops will help make it possible for the Somali people ... to reach agreement among themselves." Five days later this role was jettisoned in deference to Senate President pro tem Robert Byrd of West Virginia and his allies. Clinton agreed to an amendment that permits American troops only to protect food distribution and themselves. "This amendment does not support a mission of our forces of nation-building," Byrd decreed.

On Haiti, there's a twist to Clinton's inclination to cave. He has defied some by insisting on the return of President Jean-Bertrand Aristide with American military help. He fought off an attempt by Senate Minority Leader Bob Dole to bar any American ground troops in Haiti. Why is Clinton so adamant on Haiti? One reason is to protect presidential authority in foreign affairs. But another is his wariness of crossing the Congressional Black Caucus again. The CBC champions Aristide's

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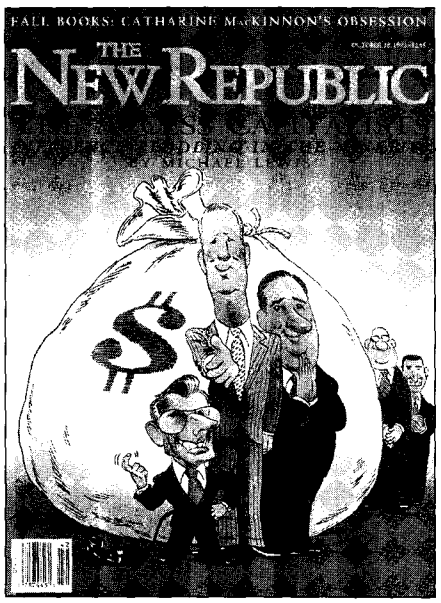

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return to power. Clinton angered the caucus by dumping Lani Guinier as nominee to be the Justice Department's civil rights chief. And he refused to increase social spending as much as the CBC wished. Like Byrd on Somalia, the caucus exerts the strongest pressure on Haiti policy. Clinton responds.

There's an exception to all this: NAFTA. The natural thing for Clinton would have been to pander to the Democratic majority against NAFTA and junk the treaty. But this time he's decided on his own what's in the national interest and is willing to fight for it. Maybe the NAFTA experience will be habit-forming. But don't count on it. •

PRIŠTINA POSTCARD

THE NEXT BOSNIA

By Anna Husarska

Waiting at the bus terminal in Skopje, Macedonia, I took out my digital wristwatch, which holds telephone numbers, and entered the names of my contacts in Priština, the capital of the southern Serb province of Kosovo. I must have looked slightly ridiculous, because Marco, an Italian photographer accompanying me to Priština, stared at me, bemused. So as not to seem paranoid, I handed him a stack of reports and press clippings on human rights abuses in Kosovo. Several cited cases of journalists having their notebooks confiscated.

No sooner had we crossed the border from Macedonia into Kosovo than the bus—filled entirely with Albanians—was stopped at a checkpoint. Serbian policemen came on board and, at random, dragged off two men and searched them thoroughly. Then the policemen ripped up the address books that the Albanians had in their wallets. The two men returned to the bus and sat without a word. When I asked them what happened, they shrugged. It obviously was not the first or the last time such a thing had happened to them; they, too, said they had made copies of their addresses.

My interest in their fate won Marco and me some sympathy among the passengers. When we arrived in Priština, a couple of them offered to show us the way to the municipal bus stop. But when we started the usual chit-chat, they kindly asked us not to speak to them in public, and to walk at some distance. Befriending foreigners can bring them trouble. (I had read about that in my stack of reports, too.)

We waited a good half-hour for the bus: the embargo imposed on the whole of Serbia has hit Kosovo as well, stymieing municipal transportation, electricity and most other utilities and public services. During those thirty minutes, two convoys of cars decorated with "Just Married" streamers passed by honking. Both were adorned with flags bearing a double-headed black eagle on a red background. This is the Albanian flag, and—as the people at the bus stop explained to us—except for weddings, Albanians in Kosovo cannot display it.

One does not have to be an habitué of repressive regimes to feel the tension here. The Serbian militia is everywhere. (Our contacts in Priština instructed us to meet them on a back street close to the Grand Hotel, but not in front of it. The hotel, they explained, is the hangout of the Serb army and secret police forces.) While the Serbs continue their war in Bosnia, here in tiny Kosovo (population 2 million) they apply a subtler combination of oppression and repression. The oppression is patterned after apartheid: a minority denying all rights to a majority (in Kosovo, Albanians outnumber the Serbs nine to one, but the Serbs outgun the Albanians ten to zero). The repression is reminiscent of Polish martial law: Serb forces (black and blue camouflage, bullet-proof vests, walkie-talkies) patrol the towns and villages, arresting and beating Albanians with little regard to law. The Albanians' response is a nonviolent resistance à la Solidarity.

When we finally hooked up with our contacts, they led us to a small wooden hut that stood in a muddy wasteland next to the central police station. A few expensive Japanese cars were parked outside. Plaques on either side of the door read: "Albanian PEN Center" and "Kosovo Writers Association." It did not look like a base of the Albanian resistance (especially given its proximity to the police), but it is one. Although there is no plaque announcing it, this is the headquarters of the Democratic League of Kosovo (LDK), the leading party of the republic. Inside, amid humming faxes and photocopying machines, a staff of well-dressed young men who look like they're fresh from Wall Street prepares statements, translates bulletins and informs the world about the persecution all around them.

The normality is deceptive. The Serbs avoid hurting Albanian leaders because it would get them bad publicity; but they do not shy away from beating and arresting civilians, raiding houses and stealing jewelry, foreign cash and cameras from ordinary people. Adem Demaci, president of Kosovo's Council on Human Rights, says that in the town of Glogovac (population 6,000), 171 houses were raided, 403 people were beaten and 156 arrested in reprisal for the deaths of two Serb policemen.

This sort of thing has been going on for nearly four years, as Kosovo's status as a de facto autonomous republic within the Yugoslav federation, granted by Josip Broz Tito in 1974, was gradually taken away. Ever since he came to power, Serbia's President Slobodan Milošević saw the Kosovo issue as a way to increase his own power by inflaming Serb nationalism. He dissolved the local parliament in July 1990, and Belgrade embarked on a wave of mass purges of "disloyal" Alba-

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nians. According to Muhamet Hamiti of the Kosovo Information Center, more than 130,000 ethnic Albanians, or Kosovars, have been dismissed from jobs in government, the police, media, schools and hospitals since 1989. Hamiti, formerly a professor of English literature at the University of Priština, was thrown out from his job and replaced by a Serb.

The Albanians' response to the Serbs' seizure and monopolization of Kosovo's public institutions was to boycott them and create their own. The parliament went underground (it now operates from Stuttgart); in October 1991 it declared the region's independence. In May 1992 secret parliamentary and presidential elections were held in Kosovo: LDK won 76 percent of the vote, and Dr. Ibrahim Rugova, a poet and literary critic, was elected president of the republic.

Under the independent government, Kosovars set up their own schools with Albanian curriculums and their own clinics and hospitals where Albanians (denied health care in Serb-run hospitals) are attended by Albanian doctors, most of whom were fired from their previous posts. These institutions, plus the welfare system for those who lost their jobs, are financed by the Kosovo Central Fund, whose money comes from Kosovar émigrés. (Last year, it received more than $1 million in donations.)

President Rugova is 48 years old; his hair, balding on top, is long and disheveled on the sides. When he received us in his office in the LDK hut, he was uncharacteristically without the trademark kerchief that he wears around his neck. Rugova says he is very proud of Kosovars—"we succeeded in leading a nonviolent fight and in surviving"—but is rather pessimistic about the future of the region. "The bloodbath would be worse here than in Bosnia, because of the higher population density. And besides, we have nowhere to go. The border with Albania is all mountains."

Rugova says he is counting on international support to avoid being swallowed by the Serbs. "We want preventive measures. We have asked for the establishment of an international trusteeship or a protectorate." His demands sounded faintly unrealistic, coming just a week after the Serbs expelled from Kosovo a group of observers from the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe. "The Serbs now want all of our territory," he says matter-of-factly. "In Bosnia, they grabbed the land because of ethnic rights; here in Kosovo they claim historical rights."

Indeed, for the Serbs the region is the cradle of their civilization. In 1389, under czar Lazar, the Serbs battled the Ottoman forces. They lost, and the defeat ended the medieval Serb Empire. Six hundred years later, Milošević pledged to more than 1 million Serbs gathered for the anniversary of the battle that never again would anyone beat the Serbs. Until now, he has been proved right. The Serbs are getting away with creating a Greater Serbia. With the war in Bosnia almost over, they may look for other outlets for their aggression. Kosovo is in their sights.•

Those Canadian elections, in full.

BORING, EH?

By Michael Coren

TORONTO

To understand Canadian politics, one need not look much beyond the celebration that followed Toronto's (second straight!) World Series victory on Saturday. Nearly a million people gathered downtown. Think about it—a million people drunk with victory or beer, many of them teenagers, a large number with various grudges to air and bones to pick or break. And it was completely, almost completely, peaceful. At one point a member of the crowd—certainly a foreigner—broke the window of a store with a brick and tried to steal a leather jacket. Fifty thousand people booed him in unison. This is Canada.

Not surprisingly, our politics resembles our manners. Because Canadian politicians are, with very few exceptions, bland and dreadful, the House of Commons and its upper chamber, the Senate, are crowded with men and women who bore each other into submission with genial hyperbole and flippant generalizations. One of our more ironic representatives experimented with a bit of wit recently. After calling a female member of the opposing party a silly bitch (the microphone was on), he tried to joke his way out of the situation with the following zinger: "[I was complaining I] had an itch." Now I knew Oscar Wilde, and you are no....

From the sublimely ridiculous to the just plain ridiculous. We now have Doug Henning and his National Law Party. Henning is a Canadian magician whose policies up until this point consisted of cutting women in half on stage and producing from various large hats legions of incredulous rabbits for legions of credulous audiences. Now he is the leader of a party that wants to rule the country through meditation and something called yogic flying. (The act consists of bouncing up and down with your legs crossed.) "Nature knows best," my local Natural Law candidate told me last week when he came to seek my vote. "Free trade, the recession, inner-city crime—all can be solved through meditation and the rule of Mother Nature." It must be said that Henning and his people did not do particularly well in the election.

But then neither did Prime Minister Kim Campbell, who took over the living oxymoron of the Progressive Conservative Party after almost a decade of rule by Brian Mulroney. Mulroney was not a popular man—at the end of his reign he had only 11 percent support in

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the polls; 12 percent of Canadians believe that Elvis is alive. Campbell labored under the reputation of being a patrician and a snob. To combat the problem, her handlers sent her to barbecues and kept her away from the issues. In one of her folksy interviews designed to concentrate on personality rather than policy, she boasted that she spoke fluent Yiddish, lambasted the Catholic Church as evil and revealed that she had smoked marijuana. She also made the fatal mistake of permitting news crews to film her disco-dancing with supporters. There was simply nobody left to alienate.

Her opponent was Jean Chrétien of the Liberal Party. Chrétien is a man with a Maurice Chevalier accent. He also has a facial deformity that forces him to speak out of one side of his mouth—to date he has made some 7,000 jokes about other politicians speaking out of "both sides of their mouth." Despite this wit—or perhaps because of it—Chrétien's Liberals won an enormous majority. The Tories were reduced to a degrading two M.P.s, and Campbell lost her seat.

The humiliation of the venerable Conservatives marks the emergence of a new, balkanized Canada. Two young parties picked up more than 100 seats between them. The Bloc Quebecois, with its misbegotten nationalism and heroic yet dangerous delusions, won most of the seats in Quebec and has become the official opposition, thereby making it eligible for millions of dollars of federal tax money for its efforts to destroy federalism and the tax system. At its worst, Quebec nationalism is profoundly unsavory—as if all of the resentful toxins of a decaying religious, linguistic and racial world were pumped violently into the province's bloodstream. There is far more anti-Semitism in Quebec than in English Canada. The Bloc Quebecois leaves little room in its world for black and Arab Francophones or Anglophone immigrants who, according to one nationalist I spoke with after the election, "have only made things worse for themselves by voting Liberal."

The bitter paradox for English Canadians is the knowledge that without their financial, legal and moral support, the French language—and the bitter strain of politics that grew up around it—may well have died out. Following the election, a small crowd of English Canadians assembled outside the Federal Parliament in Ottawa, waving banners with the words, "Thanks for the gratitude Quebec." Quebec law has banned any public sign that is written in English. And although placards are legal, the protesters decided not to cross the bridge from Ottawa into the French-speaking province. In the past, Quebec's police force has had difficulty observing the gray areas of the law.

The French-speakers are not the country's only zealots: the Reform Party from western Canada came in a strong third. Full of complaints about neglect from wealthy, cosmopolitan Ontario and ostentatiously intolerant of French aspirations, the party has picked up the votes of hundreds of thousands of disillusioned Canadians. It is a party soaked in an iconoclastic animus and has attracted its share of right-wing fanatics, hatemongers and sheer loons along the way. Cassandras in Canada are wistfully recalling the joke about George Bush's comment that he wanted "a kinder, gentler nation"—so he bought Canada. As of press time, there have been no bids for the country, nor, sadly, any moves to bring Henning and his yogic flyers into the government. That's a shame—prolonged meditation (and a nice vegetarian meal) might do us all some good.

MICHAEL COREN is the author of *The Invisible Man: The Life & Liberties of H. G. Wells* (Atheneum).

The old-new politics of Moseley-Braun.

A STAR IS BORN

By Ruth Shalit

Last June, after months of maneuvering, the American Political Science Association locked in Senator Carol Moseley-Braun as the keynote speaker for its September 2 national convention at the Washington Hilton. When the day arrived the scholars could barely contain their excitement. "She's not a typical politician," explained one. "She makes us feel hopeful about [the Senate]." Moseley-Braun's speech was scheduled for 5:00 p.m. At 5:15, James Lengle, executive director of the political science honor society Pi Sigma Alpha, approached the dais. "Senator Moseley-Braun has been delayed by traffic," he said. "We understand she's going to be about fifteen minutes late." A murmur of sympathy went up among the academics.

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By 6:00, the sympathy had turned to something a little different. "I expected her to be late, but not this late," fumed a Georgetown professor. "We have other meetings and receptions to go to. There's no excuse for this." A harried Naomi Lynn, president of Pi Sigma Alpha, made her way to the podium. "This is the most patient audience I've ever known, even among political scientists," she said. "I understand she's on her way." The event's organizers went to wait outside. "This is a nightmare," said Lynn. "We're standing here, waiting. I've been standing here for over an hour. We haven't heard a word from her." What of the traffic delay? "Oh, I made that up," said Lengle.

At 6:30, Lynn took the mike once again. "I'm an incurable optimist," she told the sweating assemblage. "But at this point, even I will say, we thank you all for coming, you are dismissed. Sorry, everyone." The political scientists filed out, incredulous. "She stood us up!" marveled one. Lucius Barker, the group's second black president, seemed particularly upset. "We had a special award for her," he said. "This is a major disappointment." Backstage, conference organizers were huddling. "She's apparently on her way from the airport," said one. "Tell her it's too bad! Tell her we're so sorry!" snapped another. But when Moseley-Braun finally showed at 7:00, murmuring absently of late planes and last-minute speech revisions, all was forgiven. She made a short speech to the few remaining professors, basked briefly in the glow of her Pi Sigma Alpha award and went on her way.

As the first and only black woman in the Senate, Moseley-Braun occupies a special place in the chamber—and in our national politics. Whatever her faults, they are constantly overlooked in the context of her broader moral symbolism. "There are some sensitivities I'd like my colleagues to be aware of," she says. "If you call people to right, if you call them to the moral high ground, they can and will respond." After persuading the Senate to reverse its vote on the extension of a design patent for an insignia that included the Confederate flag, she told CNN that her actions had "given the Senate some hope that we can break out of the kind of business-as-usual mode that this institution has so long been known for ... for tradition, and for being a throwback."

Moseley-Braun's efforts to shock and discomfit a hidebound Senate are commendable, but they would be more credible if she weren't such a throwback herself. A year after her election as a self-described "voice of change" who would "reform the Senate just by arriving," the new senator from Illinois has fallen far short of her promise. For all her potential as a taboo-breaking newcomer, her politics are embedded in a bygone era of machine-style politicking, where ward bosses doled out jobs and contracts, rewarded friends and punished enemies and raked in the perquisites of office. The only new twist is that identity politics has provided her with a convenient weapon: a means to distract and deter those who would criticize her foibles.

Moseley-Braun got her start in politics when Kay Clement, a Hyde Park neighbor active in progressive causes, approached her to run for the Illinois Statehouse in 1978. Moseley-Braun, a lawyer (University of Chicago, J.D., 1972) with no previous political experience, beat out eleven other candidates for the seat. Four years later, she was made assistant majority leader. She also became Mayor Harold Washington's official spokesperson in the Illinois Statehouse. As Washington's floor leader, Moseley-Braun was paid $100,000 (at the mayor's behest) for municipal bond work as a co-counsel for major law firms. She had no experience in the field. "It's not favoritism," the mayor reasoned at the time. "It's opening up a field to blacks and women that heretofore didn't exist." Moseley-Braun found the work so lucrative that she talked of giving up politics to become a full-time municipal bond counsel.

This subtle mix of identity politics and old-style hackery was soon powering Moseley-Braun's rise through the ranks of Chicago municipal government. "It isn't a matter of any part of the state not being represented, but of different voices having a place on the ticket," she pleaded in 1986, hankering to be nominated for lieutenant governor. When that bid failed, the next year Moseley-Braun sought backing to replace fellow Democrat Harry "Bus" Yourell as Cook County recorder of deeds, a $50,000-a-year post reserved for loyal machine corporals. Moseley-Braun got her way, and defeated the Republican in a walk.

But instead of fulfilling a campaign pledge to use her low-level ministerial office as "a force for reform ... and a means to unify people," Moseley-Braun offered little more than old-style patronage politics. When not recording deeds, she moonlighted as a highly paid lawyer-lobbyist; deposited hundreds of thousands of county dollars in non-interest-bearing accounts at a bank that had contributed to her campaign; and bestowed a $55,000 "consulting" contract on a full-time state senator who happened to be an old friend and political ally. Moseley-Braun announced an ethics code for her office, but exempted herself. The local media, which had seen much worse, were delighted. "GOOD DEEDS FROM THE NEW RECORDER!" sang one *Chicago Tribune* editorial.

Eventually, however, Moseley-Braun began to feel hemmed in by this stepping-stone office. When Illinois Senator Alan Dixon voted to confirm Clarence Thomas in 1991, she sensed an opening. "There are no African Americans in the Senate," she told a radio station. "There are only two women. People who saw the Thomas hearings are saying, 'No wonder we've got such problems with government. They've lost touch.' " On November 19 she declared her candidacy.

The Beltway was skeptical of her plans to go up against the two-term incumbent. "If Carol would ask me my advice, my advice would be, 'Don't run,' " explained Senator Paul Simon to a reporter. "At some point, if Alan or I retire, then that's a point where perhaps we can provide a little more diversity in the Senate." When Moseley-Braun, in a narrow plurality victory, dislodged the once unbeatable Dixon, an ashen-faced Simon elbowed his way back onto the airwaves. "There are fourteen of us on that Senate Judiciary Committee," he lamented in a Moseley-Braun video promo. "We are all white! We are all male! I

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think if we had had Carol Moseley-Braun on that committee, we would not have confirmed Clarence Thomas."

Moseley-Braun's improbable primary victory over Dixon and wealthy Chicago lawyer Al Hofeld surprised no one more than the candidate herself. As her two Democratic opponents spent millions carving each other up, the recorder of deeds had gone largely unnoticed. "It has been disappointing to watch Carol Braun's campaign unfold and then unravel," editorialized the *Chicago Tribune* in its endorsement of Dixon two weeks before the primary. "She has struggled to remain politically competitive and seems to be losing the fight." But Moseley-Braun didn't mind. "She didn't run for Senate," says a friend who spoke on the condition of anonymity. "She told me her goal was to get named senior partner in a Chicago law firm so she could make enough money to put her son through college. She figured if she ran and made a respectable try for it and raised her profile, she could do it." Alton Miller, Moseley-Braun's spokesman during the primary, recalls an off-the-record question-and-answer session with the editorial board of a local radio station. "They asked her, 'What are you going to do if you lose?' There was none of that coy politician stuff about how she didn't plan on losing. She didn't miss a beat. She said, 'If I lose, I'm going to retire from politics, practice law and wear bright leather pants.' "

Instead, Moseley-Braun found herself facing Rich Williamson, a millionaire recruited by the GOP for what was supposed to be a suicide mission against Dixon. But instead of pounding the uncharismatic Republican into the ground, Moseley-Braun suffered an acute case of hubris. The celebratory press coverage went to her head, staffers say. "It became a real joke around the office," says campaign media adviser Gerald Austin, who left the campaign two weeks before the election. "She'd be an hour, an hour and a half late, and incredulous that people weren't sitting waiting for her." After Moseley-Braun snubbed a luncheon gathering of high-powered contributors, one top staffer confronted her. "I pleaded with her," says the staffer, who quit the campaign shortly afterward. "I said, 'Carol, my job is to maximize your receipts.' She said, 'You don't understand. I'm the only game in town.' Her attitude was: 'I've been anointed. They have no place else to go.' "

Moseley-Braun's hauteur created other problems. "Every day was an exercise in trying to give the candidate a message beyond just, 'Here I am, superstar,' " recalls campaign press secretary David Eichenbaum. "The campaign sure didn't have a message beyond Carol's personality." Moseley-Braun didn't get position papers out until late October. "They were sitting on her desk when I started on the campaign in the beginning of July," says one senior staffer. "We couldn't get her to look at them." During an endorsement interview session with the *Chicago Tribune*, Moseley-Braun's lack of preparation was evident. "We were asking her fairly obvious questions," recalls *Tribune* political writer Thomas Hardy. "Things you'd expect a candidate for Senate to be familiar with. She was dumbfounded the entire time. She just sat there.... Then she'd fumble around with some half-baked answer. It was very awkward for all of us."

These miscues, and others—including the highly publicized charges that she mishandled a $28,750 windfall payment to her mother, part of which should have gone to Medicaid—caused Moseley-Braun's poll standings to drop twenty points in the campaign's final weeks. Though she won the election by ten points, making her the most successful minority candidate in the state's history, she did so with 56 percent of voters doubting her honesty.

Members of her staff began to have their doubts, too. Clement, Moseley-Braun's Hyde Park mentor, quit the campaign shortly after the primary. "I kept hearing terrible things about how the money was being spent," she says. "I got disillusioned by the fact that Carol wasn't showing up for things. Had she always been like this and we just didn't realize it? I've come to the conclusion that, yes, she was like this all along." Eichenbaum recalls "a lot of soul-searching going on during the last couple of months. A number of us struggled deeply with the fact that our image of who Carol was was changing.... Was it more important to get her elected, get her out there and then just cross our fingers and hope for the best? Or should we have let all this come out? We opted to cross our fingers. But we figured at some point the chickens would come home to roost."

Some already have. Moseley-Braun had a $6 million-plus war chest for her general election campaign, only $1 million of which was spent on T.V. advertising. Nevertheless, the campaign wound up with a $544,000 debt. "With this fund-raising being as successful as it is, as God is my witness, I will not go hungry again," she said repeatedly. Especially well-fed was campaign manager Kgosie (pronounced "Cozy") Matthews, who was paid $15,000 a month, plus expenses. Matthews's résumé described his previous political experience as an advance man and chief of staff for Jesse Jackson in 1988. "We were all surprised when we heard he'd given himself that title," says Dalmarie Cobb, Jackson's communications director. "He was the valet. He took care of Jackson's clothes." After the 1988 campaign Matthews moved to Hill & Knowlton. "My impression was that he was fired for incompetence," says Frank Mankiewicz, director of the P.R. firm's Washington office. "He was just a total waste of time and a washout," says a top Hill & Knowlton staffer. "Nobody had anything good to say about him."

When Matthews, a South African native, materialized in Chicago to talk to Moseley-Braun about running her campaign, "it was because he was out of a job," recalls Austin, who was Jackson's national campaign manager in 1988. "He asked me how much money he could legitimately get to run her campaign. I told him $7,000, $8,000 a month. Next thing I know, he's making $15,000. No one in the history of the world ever got that kind of money for running a campaign." Moseley-Braun thought he was worth it. "I want to thank Kgosie Matthews, my knight in shining armor," she sobbed on the night of her victory. Soon after, the two announced their engagement.

Matthews was granted control over the campaign trea-

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sury, a move that provoked havoc among the finance staff. "I left the campaign because Kgosie was taking over every aspect of the finances," says deputy recorder of deeds Adam Clement, who bailed out as Moseley-Braun's check-signer halfway through the campaign. "Carol was campaigning to reform government, to raise the level of ethical standards. But no one knew anything about how the money was being spent.... Kgosie had established a structure where we didn't know the basic things we needed to know to do our jobs." Says another Moseley-Braun staffer, "I have never been on a campaign and not been given basic fund-raising information about cash coming in. They would not allow me to know cash on hand. I was not privy to the daily deposit slips, as I have been in every other campaign I've ever worked on." The staffer recalls in particular a fund-raising trip to New York. "After twenty-four hours spent hitting up different groups for money, I did a quick tally. We had tons of checks. People had stuffed $5, $10, $20 bills in a bucket. Kgosie was [nervous] about who was going to carry the money on the trip. I said, 'Here it is. Give it back to me in Chicago, because I've got to do immediate follow-through.' He never did. Four weeks later I still had no idea what happened to the money." The staffer quit soon thereafter.

What did happen to the money? "The campaign was conspicuous consumption," says Clement. "It turned into something resembling a rock 'n' roll tour." When the candidate and the campaign manager traveled together, four-star accommodations were the rule. Moseley-Braun's Federal Election Commission disclosure documents, filed three weeks after the deadline, show vague notations of $13,000 for "advance for travel authorization" and "expense advance for authorization." Midway through the campaign, Matthews and Moseley-Braun issued themselves charge cards. Although the FEC requires candidates to disclose all charges of more than $200, Moseley-Braun's credit card receipts reveal a minimum of $26,000 unaccounted for.

Meanwhile, other questions lingered. "All we knew was that a lot was being spent," says Eichenbaum. "It was shocking to some of us that two weeks before the election, when we had raised almost 7 million dollars, the campaign had to borrow hundreds of thousands of dollars to be competitive on T.V. That raised questions. There weren't answers. The candidate and campaign manager were free-spending. Does that account for millions of dollars? I don't know."

Moseley-Braun's expenditures after the campaign didn't seem to square with her modest county salary and her campaign image as a struggling single parent. While her freshman Senate colleagues were getting up to speed on their new duties, Moseley-Braun moved into a $3,240-a-month luxury apartment in Chicago's Lake Point Towers, paid cash for a new Jeep Cherokee, then flew off on the Concorde with Matthews and her son for a twenty-six-day vacation in South Africa. Tickets on the Concorde cost about $4,000 per person, one way. Who financed the excursion? "I planned for this vacation," Moseley-Braun told reporters on December 31. "I saved for this vacation. I paid for this vacation out of private resources." But Moseley-Braun had just taken out a loan to repay the state $15,239 for the Medicaid violation involving her mother. As reporters continued to press her, she changed her story. Her campaign manager's parents had bankrolled the trip, she told the *Chicago Sun-Times* on January 13. "This is a custom and tradition for people considering marriage," her Senate press secretary explained. On January 15 Moseley-Braun put Matthews back on her campaign payroll at $10,000 a month. His task? To "develop strategies to reduce the campaign debt." Under Matthews's stewardship, the campaign debt swelled by $94,000. On October 14, Moseley-Braun took him off the payroll.

During her campaign Moseley-Braun perfected her technique in forestalling criticism of such peccadillos as these. "I've always maintained that black people and women suffer from a presumption of incompetence. The burdens of proof are different. It just gets so tiresome," she told the *Chicago Tribune*. "I feel like I've been raped by you guys already," she told a group of reporters as cameras rolled, "and I just figure this rape has gone on long enough. Quite frankly, for me to continue to lay back and let you guys do this is just asinine." The senator still believes that as a black woman, she is judged by harsher standards. "It's hard to be the first," she says. "It's almost as if I'm subject to a different level of inspection."

In fact, something close to the opposite seems to be true. Through appeals to the historic nature of her candidacy—as a woman and as a breath of fresh air in Washington—Moseley-Braun quashed two scandals that cast a shadow over both her feminist and her good government credentials. "We figured the need for women to have credibility far exceeded Carol as an individual," says one former staffer. And indeed, as an individual she was to become something of a disappointment.

When the Thomas hearings evolved into a national discussion on sexual harassment, Moseley-Braun, declaring her bid for the Senate on the T.V. program "Chicago

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Tonight," was the model of feminist consternation:

> *In examining the attitude and the judgment that this man* [Thomas] has displayed ... they [the Senate] not once raised an issue ... as fundamental to the whole question of women's equality as sexual harassment. I don't know of one woman who hasn't been sexually harassed. Men just don't get it. It's an economic issue for women.... It has to do with equality in the workplace. It has to do with whether or not your job is enough to keep that job and to move forward and to have opportunities in the workplace.

It was more than ironic, therefore, that Moseley-Braun spent the last weeks of her campaign scrambling to squelch charges that Kgosie Matthews had sexually harassed campaign staff members. On October 15 Moseley-Braun received an anonymous letter from "a group of women ... disillusioned and upset" about Matthews's alleged behavior. One staffer told me that her experience of sexual harassment "was pretty clear-cut. I was asked to resign by Kgosie after I refused to see him." Another claimed that Matthews verbally abused and humiliated her in front of other staffers when she turned him down for dates.

According to one of the letter's co-authors, who spoke on the condition of anonymity, the aim was precisely the opposite. "Our No. 1 goal was to get him out of there," she recalls. "We were all idealists about Carol. We believed that once she was informed of this, she would dump him. We thought [writing the letter] was the most loyal thing we could do." The letter informed Moseley-Braun that "members of your senior staff are aware of these incidents; just ask them if you are in doubt,... investigate the allegations in this letter, talk to your senior staff—Heather [Booth], Ira [Cohen], Steve [Cobble], David [Eichenbaum]—and ask them to be honest with you. We think they will be." Instead, Moseley-Braun called in Chicago lawyer Joyce Moran, an old friend and campaign contributor. Moran and three associates spent the next few days interviewing selected staffers. According to Moseley-Braun, Moran reported that "no one that she spoke to gave her any evidence of sexual harassment."

During an interview, Moseley-Braun dispatched a staffer to bring the letter. "I want you to see what gave rise to all that shit," she said. Moseley-Braun read the entire two-page letter aloud. "'We must be sure that you are aware of what is going on.... We deeply believe in you. We believe that you will do something to stop this and will immediately send a message to your staff that you are dealing with it.'" She then added her own postscript: "This man has done nothing to these people. It's not something directed at him. It's a way of cutting at me."

But did the candidate herself approach the four staffers named in the letter? Yes, she told me, and they assured her the charges were "ridiculous." At a December 31 press conference, she told reporters that "consistent with my fifteen years of fighting for women, I would absolutely want to know all the facts [regarding sexual harassment]. The day I got the letter, the first thing I did was call into my office the staffers who were named in it. I asked them about this. None of them had any evidence of anything approaching sexual harassment. None of them."

That's not how the staffers remember it. "We weren't interviewed by Carol," says Steven Cobble, Moseley-Braun's finance director for the general election, who was named in the letter. "I can guarantee you none of us would have said the charges were ridiculous. She never called us in. She sent us a letter, which we weren't allowed to keep, telling us to go talk to the lawyers." Cobble says he told them "the truth as I knew it. I knew of five or six instances, any one of which I would have thought was serious. Together, it was a major problem. I have no idea what the report says. It may say, 'Steve Cobble is an asshole who clearly hates your guts and wishes he were working for Rich Williamson.' But I tend to think they played it straight. I think the lawyers are tormented by it."

Cobble was tormented, too. Despite Moseley-Braun's insistence at the press conference that "quite frankly, had I got information that something like this occurred in the context of the campaign, I would have moved on it immediately," Cobble says that ten days before the campaign's end he confronted Moseley-Braun about Matthews's behavior. "At that point, I was a friend of Kgosie's," he says. "I was reasonably well-liked by the candidate. Occasionally I could have an impact on events. Carol made it clear that she was dissatisfied I was asking the questions. I made it clear that I was dissatisfied with the answer she gave. At that point, whatever remaining connection we had was pretty frayed."

Cobble wasn't alone in approaching Moseley-Braun about Matthews's behavior. "Several of us confronted her about it the first week in January [1992]," recalls Peter McLennon, political director during the primary. "We said it was especially problematic that this should be going on in a campaign founded on the premise of sexual harassment.... She became quite livid. She said, 'Oh, no, that couldn't be. It's just not possible.' She sort of shut us up." McLennon, spokesman Miller and issues director Bob Walsh voluntarily left the campaign two weeks before the primary election, citing "personality differences" with Matthews as their reason for leaving.

Eichenbaum, another staffer named in the letter, says he told Joyce Moran "that there was a problem.... When advances were spurned, his demeanor toward people would change completely. He would became nasty toward them. These women had a legitimate complaint." Eichenbaum says he's not surprised that nothing came of the report. "Her intention was to clear her boyfriend, not to get to the truth."

A third staffer named in the letter was Heather Booth, now field director at the Democratic National Committee. She won't comment about the charges, but one staffer disturbed by Matthews's behavior says she went to Booth seeking advice. "Heather gave the speech," she says. "She said, 'If you walk out now, the press will get all over it. The cause is more important. Williamson will win. You'll never see the Freedom of Choice Act. You'll hurt millions of women.' She pitted the millions of women against the few victims. There was a lot of that

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kind of talk." According to staffers, leaders of women's groups who knew about the charges adopted the same stance. Harriet Woods of the National Women's Political Caucus won't confirm or deny being contacted, but says that "while it would have been nice if [Moseley-Braun] had set a higher standard, a newer standard of responsiveness in how she handled the charges, I'm not going to argue with her."

Meanwhile, Moseley-Braun refuses to release Moran's report, saying she's acting in the interests of her staffers. (Matthews didn't return calls requesting an interview.) "The people who were interviewed were interviewed in confidence. I see no choice but to honor their desire that their comments be confidential." Five women who felt harassed by Matthews repeated their stories to me. All wondered why the report couldn't be released with the names deleted. Moseley-Braun says she'd rather not. "My attitude is, again, that I have responded fully to this. Joyce Moran has made a report to me about what she found. And there's nothing further to release."

The Medicaid imbroglio is another example of Moseley-Braun's efforts to justify actions contrary to her principles. In 1989 owners of a property in Alabama in which Moseley-Braun's mother had inherited a stake decided to sell timber harvesting rights. Under Illinois law, Edna Moseley, who lives in a Chicago nursing home and is completely supported by Medicaid, should have reported the $28,750 windfall from the sale within five working days, so part of it could have been used to offset government-paid costs for the nursing home. Instead, she turned the money over to her daughter, who kept some and disbursed the rest to her brother and sister. A release and waiver, drawn up by Moseley-Braun and signed by Moseley on June 27, 1990, spelled out how the funds were to be divided among the children.

In the last days of the campaign, Moseley-Braun came under fire for mishandling her mother's money. The story broke when a source close to the Braun family supplied Paul Hogan, a reporter for WMAQ-TV in Chicago, with a canceled check for the sale of the timber rights and a copy of the waiver, titled, "Statement of Intent to Distribute Capital." A report by WMAQ suggested the division of the assets to Moseley-Braun, her sister and her brother might have constituted "asset dumping" (a way in which Medicaid recipients impoverish themselves in order to have nursing-home care paid for by the government).

Moseley-Braun denied any wrongdoing. "I fully believe that everything we did was in accordance with the law and the regulations," she said in a statement. "At no time was there any attempt to deprive the Department of Public Aid, the state, the nursing home or any other person of any money rightfully due them." Nevertheless, she continued, "concerning the Public Aid Department, in hindsight perhaps I should have taken greater control of the reporting requirements.... I should have second-guessed my mother." Although obliged to repay the state $15,239, Moseley-Braun was able to beat the rap, in part because Illinois Attorney General Roland Burris, a Democrat who campaigned with her, failed to press the case. As Public Aid tiptoed around, Republican Governor Jim Edgar announced that "someone broke a law," but demurred when asked to point a finger.

The source also provided Hogan and his producer, Douglas Longhini, with a far more pertinent document: a portion of an unsigned, typewritten letter purported to be from Moseley-Braun to her mother, dated one month before the signing of the waiver. The letter suggests that Moseley-Braun deliberately tried to defraud the state Medicaid authorities. It intimates that Edna Moseley, at the prompting of Moseley-Braun's sister, Marsha, had written to Moseley-Braun, wondering what had become of the $28,750. The terms of an original agreement are alluded to in the letter to Moseley-Braun's mother:

> In an effort to help you "launder" the timber proceeds and not run afoul of the state regulations, I agreed to handle your $28,750. The money was deposited in a money-market account and touched only at your direction. While you are absolutely entitled to an accounting of those funds ... you have—once again—resorted to writing letters which imply that somehow I have failed to properly treat with [sic] you and your money.

Although the full text of the letter is two pages long, Hogan, who died of a heart attack in January, saw only a fragment of it. According to Longhini, the source was afraid the full letter might disclose his or her identity. The copy Hogan worked with was dictated to him over the phone, containing only the above paragraph and two brief introductory sentences. Hogan never confronted Moseley-Braun about the letter. But in an interview that took place on September 28, 1992, the two had the following exchange:

> HOGAN: You did not do anything that attempted to hide, or keep away from, or launder that money so that Medicaid....
> MOSELEY-BRAUN: No.
> HOGAN: Did not know about it?
> MOSELEY-BRAUN: No ... the idea of laundering is just stunning to me. No. Absolutely not.

Two days later, Hogan broke the rudiments of the Medicaid story, using only the signed waiver. The next week, he felt ready to ask Moseley-Braun about the other letter, but, stung by the first story, she refused to talk with him or anybody from the station. Hogan and Longhini then persuaded NBC correspondent Bob Kur to ambush her with the ten-line fragment at the end of an interview. "I wrapped up the interview," Kur recalls. "But the cameras were still rolling. I showed her the letter. I myself was skeptical. It was hard for me to believe that anyone could have written the word "launder." It seemed too easy. So I asked her, 'Can you deny writing this letter?' I expected her to say yes. But she just sat there, reading it and rereading it. She was stunned. It was clearly not a pleasant thing for her to read. I remember that I said again, 'Can you deny you wrote this, can you deny writing this?' And she finally said, 'No, I can't.' " An official NBC transcript of the unaired interview substantiates Kur's recollection:

> KUR [shows letter]: Do you have anything to say about that?
> MOSELEY-BRAUN: No, I don't....
> KUR: Can you say you never wrote it?
> MOSELEY-BRAUN: No I can't. I mean, you know, I mean, my mother [pause]. It's a pretty damning letter.

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At that point, recalls Eichenbaum, who attended the taping, "Kgosie started bouncing off the walls, grabbing Carol, grabbing the letter. He took a look at it, said, 'We're getting out of here' and basically just whisked her out." The entourage fled to campaign headquarters, where an emergency senior staff meeting was called. According to Austin, everybody was dumbfounded. When he asked her whether or not she had written the letter, Austin says Moseley-Braun replied, "I used to write lots of letters to my mother for catharsis. Some I sent, some I tore up." Austin continues: "She said she didn't remember if she had sent this one or torn it up. That to me was an admission she'd done the letter. People were shocked. We said, '(*a*) she's going to lose the election, (*b*) she's going to be disbarred and (*c*) she's going to be indicted.' " David Eichenbaum, who also attended the meeting, confirms Austin's account. "That was the most terrifying day," he says. "We couldn't believe it. She's a smart lawyer. And that word is just a death wish."

But Austin, who knew Paul Hogan personally, had a plan. He got Hogan on the phone. "I did something I've never done in twenty years," he says. "I talked a reporter out of a story. I said, 'Paul, we've known each other for twenty years. I didn't call you up about the first [Medicaid] story. But here's one where you'll destroy this woman, and more importantly, the cause. If you go with the story, she loses, and you're responsible for denying the first African American woman the chance to go to the U.S. Senate. That's not what you and I are about.' " Austin says he begged Hogan to "go home, talk to your wife, really search your conscience about whether you need to do this." Several hours later, Hogan called back and said he had decided not to go with the story. "I called Kgosie," recalls Austin. "He called Carol. Carol called me from the car phone to thank me. The story never went." Longhini, now a producer at ABC's "Prime Time Live," confirms Austin's version of events. "Gerry called him up and said, 'Paul, you know the impact of this. This is going to destroy her.'... Paul was quite agonized. He was a really good guy. Real liberal. He said, 'You son of a bitch, I'll call you back.' We never went with it."

Of course, Hogan and his bosses balked for journalistic reasons as well. They had an unsigned fragment of a letter and no way to verify its authenticity. "Our management said, 'You don't have a story,' " says Longhini. In the intervening year, however, some corroborating evidence has emerged. THE NEW REPUBLIC has obtained a copy of the entire letter. Its calculations of the amount due to each sibling, including adjustments for a $2,250 loan, correspond to amounts written in the waiver, which Moseley-Braun has admitted to writing. Also obtained were calculations that are identical to the financial figures in the letter, including a complex four-way division of expenses for the 1986 funeral of Moseley-Braun's brother, John Moseley. If the letter is a sham, it is an elaborate one. The fabricator would have needed access to Braun family documents, since Hogan and Longhini saw it before the Medicaid story—and the $28,750 figure—ever became public. Additionally, it's unclear why Moseley-Braun, if confronted with a seemingly damning letter she didn't write, would first refuse to deny writing it to a reporter and then all but acknowledge it to her staff. Moseley-Braun has no comment, saying through press secretary Lynn Moten that Medicaid is "old news."

And in some respect, she is right. No one in Washington wants to delve too deeply into the affairs of the media's favorite new senator. "Carol Moseley-Braun understands what it's like to be a minority, a woman and a mother," says chief of staff Michael Frasier. "That combination is the most devastating combination in America today." "She's black and she's female and she's articulate," says Chicago Mercantile Exchange Chairman John Sandner, who prevailed on Moseley-Braun to get a futures-exchange tax taken out of the Clinton budget. "Her stature comes from her uniqueness. I can't believe that the average freshman senator would have had the impact she's had on our behalf."

Moseley-Braun is surviving the Medicaid and Matthews fiascoes because her pioneering work in the politics of identity has reached a new level of sophistication. Her status as the first black female senator not only enables her to avoid national scrutiny, but raises her stature, increasing her effectiveness as a pork-barrel pol. This in turn keeps local criticism at bay. "Illinois is not a comfortable place for her to be," says one Moseley-Braun confidante. "If she spends her time in Washington, working the national press, rehabilitating her image on a national scale, over the course of a six-year term, that will work its way back to Illinois."

In describing this minuet between national and state constituencies, another staffer makes an instructive comparison: "The most similar politician is Ted Kennedy.... He has a broad national base. Nobody thinks he only represents Massachusetts' interests. That's what Carol Moseley-Braun is going for." In an effort to keep her profile high, she intersperses pork-barreling with equally energetic identity-mongering: sponsorship of the Gender Equity in Education Act, the 1993 Violence Against Women Act and a newly resurrected Equal Rights Amendment. And when these don't parlay into headlines, there are other convenient foils. When, during the Supreme Court confirmation hearings for Ruth Bader Ginsburg, Senator Orrin Hatch cited *Dred Scott* and *Roe* v. *Wade* as examples of bad constitutional law, Moseley-Braun responded with her now-famous display of outrage: "This line of questioning I find to be personally offensive. Even listening to this debate is very difficult for me. If there's another way that you could approach the criticism of judicial activism, I would appreciate it." The Utah senator reacted with boyish dismay. "I would never offend my dear friend—and we are good friends!" he assured C-SPAN viewers. "And we work closely together, and I think we're going to do a lot of things around here together. The idea that I'm trying to find some justification for slavery ... my gosh, I wouldn't do that under any circumstances. Boy, I want to make that clear," he stammered. "Thank you," Braun replied primly.

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But even more effectively than Kennedy, Moseley-Braun is attempting to translate her symbolic status into old-style service politics. "Most congressmen are moving away from the concept of pork," explains Moten. "It's not politically correct to get projects for their state. Well, she has no problem with that. She tells people, 'I'm going to bring home the bacon for Illinois.' That's what her constituents want. West Virginia is going to be well taken care of by the time Senator [Robert] Byrd leaves."

Indeed, when the American Pork Producers Council invited Moseley-Braun to address its September 15 pork PAC breakfast, the event was free from poli-sci convention-style glitches. The senator swept in at 6:55 a.m. "I am well aware of the importance of pork to the U.S. economy," she told the group. "Maintaining a stable supply of food is in our national security interest. When considering legislation that may impact agriculture, I always keep these important facts in mind." The porkers cheered. "Pork is Illinois' second-largest agricultural product," Moseley-Braun told me later in her office, strains of Verdi's "La Donna é Mobile" wafting up from behind her desk.

Meanwhile, Moseley-Braun continues to lobby to get herself taken off the symbolically resonant Judiciary Committee and put onto a money committee such as Finance or Appropriations. "She has come to me to request other committee assignments," says Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell. "It's not so much that she wants to get off Judiciary. She wants to get onto one of the others." Moseley-Braun describes her motive simply: "to get federal support for Illinois increased."

Moseley-Braun's high profile and telegenic indignation also has its uses for the Clinton administration. Although not a member of the congressional committee that has jurisdiction over the Department of Health and Human Services, the senator was encouraged by the White House to speak out on behalf of imperiled surgeon general nominee Joycelyn Elders. "Joycelyn's handlers wanted to make sure that a high-visibility black woman supported another black woman," says a Moseley-Braun staffer. Although initially recalcitrant—"She didn't want to be the chairman on Joycelyn Elders and the whole issue of sex education," says the staffer—Moseley-Braun complied, rising on the floor of the Senate to denounce the protracted debate about Elders. "An inquisition," she raged. "Character assassination."

Moseley-Braun was also prevailed upon to prevent the assassination of Webster Hubbell, a nominee for associate attorney general, whose last-minute resignation from an exclusive country club made headlines. After pausing a moment to "congratulate and thank ... the members of this committee for the sensitivities they have demonstrated on this issue," Braun argued that Hubbell's resignation "is no admission of guilt. It is a demonstration of his sensitivity.... Quite simply, this man has lived his life as a shining example of the best of the South." With Moseley-Braun's benediction, Hubbell sailed through. (Asked during the campaign about Rich Williamson's decision to drop out of the exclusive Westmoreland Country Club soon before he declared his candidacy, she had responded: "That's absolutely something he has to be held accountable for.... I for one think it's a practice that ought to be repudiated across the board.")

Others aren't so lucky. Braun didn't speak out on behalf of Lani Guinier because Guinier hadn't "come to curry favor," recalls Moten. In choosing a second nominee for the position of assistant attorney general for civil rights, the administration is "running candidates by her," says Frasier. "They don't want another Lani Guinier episode. They don't want to get into a situation where they'd appoint a person she'd have a problem with."

Moseley-Braun is clearly reveling in her newfound influence. In exchange for her blessing of Elders and Hubbell, she got Clinton to scrap proposed fees on ethanol, inland waterways and futures-exchange transactions. She's met "half a dozen times" with Energy Secretary Hazel O'Leary and Clinton chief of staff Mack McLarty over increasing financing for Illinois nuclear power plants. She's even charmed Janet Reno. "She is a national celebrity," says Illinois State Senator Gary LaPaille. "It allows her to summon people to her office and get things faster than the normal U.S. senator from wherever. It allows her to get into meetings that other freshman senators wouldn't be invited to. And that's very good for Illinois."

The burden weighs heavily on Moseley-Braun. "There's pressure to represent every group around town," she says. "Defining myself, as opposed to being defined by others, is one of the most difficult challenges I face." In an interview, Moten cited a reporter's question as an example of what Moseley-Braun means. "That was *The Boston Globe* calling," Moten said, "wondering what the Clinton health care plan does for black Americans. How would she know? It's like she's supposed to be the instant expert or something." A week—and several meetings with the First Lady—later, Moseley-Braun rose to the challenge. "She's going to be an advocate for culturally sensitive providers," explains Francesca Cook, Moseley-Braun's health care adviser. "Making sure that minority populations are well-served.... The administration is going to look to her because she's the only one to provide some input in that area." Lisa Caputo, spokeswoman for the First Lady, confirms that "the senator has been in a number of meetings with Mrs. Clinton on health care. She's very knowledgeable and outspoken on health care issues and how they relate to the minority community."

But Moseley-Braun's latest symbolic gambit may be her bravest yet. "In meetings with Mrs. Clinton," Senator Barbara Mikulski says, "Senator Moseley-Braun speaks eloquently about older women and the difficulty surrounding the people currently receiving Medicare and Medicaid. She's very familiar with what it takes to sustain a family member in a long-term institution, just how hard that is. She wants to help make it financially accessible and available. We were all very impressed." Who wouldn't be? •

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Early Stages

Another sadness about Orson Welles. **It's All True** (Paramount) is a documentary about *It's All True*, the three-part film on Latin American subjects that Welles started in 1941. This assemblage contains all that is left of the project—footage rediscovered in 1985—introduced and concluded by excerpts from interviews with Welles at various points in his life, along with the comments of still-surviving people who are in the Brazilian segments or were concerned with them. All in all, we see what was attempted and how it was blocked.

Welles went into the project at the behest of the State Department, which, in those early years of World War II, wanted to enhance relations with Latin America and decided that a film by the newly emerged American wunderkind would help. *Citizen Kane* had recently appeared; *The Magnificent Ambersons* was being concluded; Welles was producing *Journey into Fear*, in which he performed, directed by his friend Norman Foster.

As a condition of accepting the Latin American venture, Welles got a promise from his studio, RKO, that they would send his editor and the *Ambersons* footage to Rio de Janeiro so that he could work on it there while making *It's All True*. This promise was broken. (*Ambersons*, magnificently directed, had its ending deformed in other hands.) Power shifted at RKO; the new president left Welles stranded in Rio with almost no money or equipment. He did what he could, came home and found that the whole matter had been taken out of his control.

For years he tried to get possession of the footage and edit it, but it never happened. The footage was presumed lost (so, naturally, every time it was mentioned, it was exalted). Then in 1985 it was discovered—what was left of it, anyway—and after more tribulations, this new film arrives, encasing it.

We'll never know what (the original) *It's All True* might have been in Welles's hands, and it's certainly some sort of sin against art that his hands were slapped away from the project. But though he might have edited this footage more subtly, with a keener sense of rhythm, he couldn't have improved the footage itself in the editing room. What we get here are not remotely the bits and pieces of an aborted masterpiece. The completed work might have served the State Department's purposes vis-à-vis Latin America, but there is almost no trace here of the Welles who preceded or came after it (except that the influence of Eisenstein, apparent here, continued).

The first section, "My Friend Bonito," is about a Mexican boy and a bull. It was directed by Foster; Welles supervised, mostly from afar, and was going to edit it. It's a commonplace piece of sentiment, photographed in what can be called Latino Luxe—lots of low angles shooting upward to monumentalize humble folk, faces against the sky, long shots of small figures against low-hanging clouds, all rendered in velvety blacks and dulled whites. It's the texture that was employed earlier by Eisenstein in *Que Viva Mexico!* (another "lost masterpiece") and by Paul Strand in *The Wave*.

Welles used it again in the second segment here, "Four Men on a Raft," which he directed. It recounts the actual story of four fishermen from northeastern Brazil who had traveled by raft down the coast to Rio to present protests to the government. The third segment was to be "The Story of Samba," the Brazilian dance and music that captivated Welles. In a Rio studio he re-created the February *carnaval* (later memorably used in Marcel Camus's *Black Orpheus*); he sometimes gives it Dionysian heat but it is mostly predictable stuff.

The sadness mentioned earlier is less about the uncompleted film than about the uncompleted man. Such a fine frenzy of energy surrounds this Latin American project—so much that he was doing, so much that he was planning. This new film is a poignant reminder of the force of the Welles explosion in the performing arts. Thus it's a reminder, too, that, for a complex of reasons, this force never truly fulfilled itself. What a blessing it might have been for American theater and film if this lively, imperious genius had flowered to the fullest.

Now that Carlo Carlei has shown that he has talent, I hope he will use it more austerely. His debut film, **Flight of the Innocent** (MGM), has a strong subject and many fine touches—better than touches, it has an overall glow of talent. But that glow is sometimes blemished by Carlei's itch to flaunt virtuosity—egregious huge close-ups, pointless slo-mo, intrusive fan-

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Gettysburg. *This re-creation of the three-day battle chills and fascinates. The "personal" interludes are spotty. (Reviewed 11/8/93)* **Ruby in Paradise.** *The writer-director Victor Nunez deals tenderly with a young Tennessee woman who goes to north Florida to change her life. Ashley Judd is completely winning as Ruby. (11/1/93)* **Samba Traoré.** *Another well-composed, affecting tale from Idrissa Ouédraogo of Burkina Faso. Samba returns to his village after committing a big-city crime. Complexities follow. (10/4/93)* **Wittgenstein.** *A gem. Derek Jarman distills a crystalline artwork out of the philosopher's life, aided by Karl Johnson's immaculate performance. (10/11/93)* **—SK**

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tasies, irrelevant prettinesses. In a way, it's an oblique tribute to Carlei's real talent that his film impresses despite these showy interruptions.

A prefatory note tells us that since 1966 (it doesn't say why it started that year) Italy has suffered a plague of kidnappings. Poor people in the south have been snatching rich people in the north and holding them for ransom. The film centers on a 10-year-old boy, played by Manuel Colao, who belongs to one of those southern families. His clan is involved in the kidnapping of a rich 10-year-old boy from Siena. A neighboring family is also involved in this kidnapping, and the picture opens with stunningly savage violence between the two families over the ransom money.

The rich boy has been killed, though his parents in Siena don't yet know this. Young Colao discovers this and flees because the enemies of his family have already wiped out all his relatives in their grab for the ransom money. They want to make a clean sweep by killing young Colao, too. He flees north, first to Rome, where he has a cousin, then to Siena and the dead boy's parents. All along the way he is pursued by the enemy clan. Colao, wide-eyed with fear yet somehow getting used to it, dodges frantically . . . until the whole thing is settled.

Carlei wrote the screenplay with Gualtiero Rosella (there's more to it than I have sketched). When Carlei keeps the film on track, we breathe—or don't breathe—with the fugitive boy. We even relish the twist of the conclusion; it's a touch slick, but it taps into something deep. Except for Carlo Siliottos's music, which is largely bombast, Carlei keeps returning us to gravity after his occasional bursts of exhibitionism.

His chief achievement, however, is with the boy, Manuel Colao. It's something like what Gianni Amelio did with the two youngsters in *Stolen Children*. Not a moment in this boy's presence is false. Not only does everything he says ring true: what he doesn't say also rings true—his silences.

The leading adults are exceptionally good—Federico Pacifici as the head of the gang chasing the boy, Jacques Perrin and Francesca Neri as the wealthy parents of the kidnapped boy. It's with Neri that Carlei's fancy cinematics really register. Her phone rings in the middle of the night. She answers, but no one speaks. She thinks it's her son. She implores him over and over to speak. Carlei isolates her head and the phone in the middle of blackness. As her hopes dwindle, her head recedes swiftly, smaller and smaller, into the blackness.

I look forward to the next Carlei film, leaner and finer, I hope. •

MARIA CALLAS

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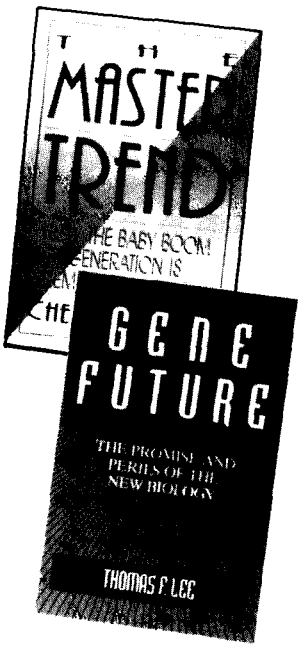

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by Zbigniew Herbert
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(Ecco Press, 162 pp., $9.95 paper)

Certain collections of poems simply have to be reissued in their original shape once in a while. They seem to have lives of their own. It is hard to say exactly why. Formal mastery, or historic significance, or some unique principle of inner cohesion, may help to explain their special power; and yet there are plenty of collections that meet these same conditions without producing the same magic. There is no rational reason why we succumb to the temptation to buy a new edition of Robert Frost's *North of Boston*, even though we are perfectly aware that the whole of the volume is included in his *Collected Poems*, which has been read at home for years.

A slim book whose rust-colored cover surprised the patrons of Polish bookstores with its puzzling title in 1974, *Pan Cogito* belongs in this rare company. In Poland's recent history, the two decades just passed equal New England's eight; so it would be no stretching of chronology for me to say that *Mr. Cogito* is Poland's *North of Boston*. It was the 50-year-old poet Zbigniew Herbert's fifth book of poems. And in it the denizen of Poland in the mid-'70s found exactly what his or her Yankee counterpart found in the second book by the 40-year-old Frost sixty years before: his or her own reflection. No, more than reflection: definition.

The poems in *Mr. Cogito* finally forced critics to acknowledge Herbert as a major poet of contemporary and local experience. The specifically Polish dimension of his work may be obvious today, but it was far from clear before 1974, for since his debut in 1956, the critical consensus on Herbert had cast him as a poet of universal themes and all-encompassing human issues. Herbert's frequent recourses to Greco-Roman mythology, to Biblical motifs and to a Mediterranean stock of cultural allusions seemed to confirm that impression beyond any doubt. Owing to this seemingly cosmopolitan quality of imagination, Herbert's poetry weathered translation with relatively little damage. Since he also had the good fortune to find, early on, not only excellent translators but also energetic promoters—Karl Dedeicus in Germany and in this country Czeslaw Milosz and later John and Bogdana Carpenter—his path to international success was smooth. Yet it remains the fatal mistake of most critics, in Poland and elsewhere, to take the image of Herbert the universalist, the neoclassicist, the Western-oriented connoisseur of myths and masterpieces of art, for the whole of him.

It is impossible to grasp the basics of Herbert's poetry—how its irony works and, even more crucially, when and where its irony stops—without taking into account its essentially divided, bipolar, antithetical nature. Just as an electric current cannot be found in the cathode or the anode but runs from the one to the other, as a function of their mutual opposition, so meaning in Herbert's poetry is always the result of a clash of opposites.

A helpful hint to Herbert's paradoxical imagination was available as early as 1962, when he published his first collection of essays, which traced his avid pilgrimage to the cathedrals and the museums of Italy and France, under the revealing title *Barbarian in the Garden*. Insofar as the Garden stood for the ancient, medieval and renaissance culture of the Mediterranean, Herbert's self-definition could not be clearer. He did not belong in that Garden; he was admitted as a visitor from a different, more brutish, less fortunate world. And yet—here is the crucial paradox—he did belong in the Garden; or rather, he knew that the Garden once belonged to him, too. As a human being, he was one of its heirs. He was one of those who had been disinherited by History, with all its barbed-wired frontiers and iron curtains, but had never recognized that act as just or binding.

Herbert shared what another wronged heir, Osip Mandelstam, once called the "yearning for world culture." Yet Herbert's imagination has never really been able to shake off the "grayness" (his favorite color) with which years of life outside the Garden had tainted it. He has never been able to forget the lessons that he was forced to learn as a modern barbarian. The almost religious reverence he has for Greek temples, Gothic cathedrals and the art of Piero della Francesca is always accompanied by his sober view of the dark sea of human bestiality and foolishness that surrounded those isolated islands. No conservative utopia for him; he has seen too many progressive utopias result in too many disasters to believe that human nature could have ever been, or can ever be, brought to perfection.

Herbert's Mediterranean essays have recently been complemented with their Northern counterpart, *Still Life with a Bridle*, a selection of essays on the art of seventeenth-century Holland. Written over many years, these essays (some of them called "Apocryphas" to indicate their greater admixture of imagination) also touch on the impossibility of human perfection, but they examine it in a different context. If any place or any time in the history of Europe ever deserved the name of a real-life utopia, it was seventeenth-century Holland. Yet the image of a wealthy nation of industrious and tolerant people, whose demand for culture spurred an endless supply of masterpieces, does not survive Herbert's scrutiny. He approaches it with the same "unmasking" attitude that led him, in one of his prose poems, to discover swarming worms rather than tidy metal works beneath a clock dial.

Herbert focuses on real-life stories, as well as on disturbing legends and rumors, to extract evidence of Holland's other, less exposed side, its irrational and brutal side: the mechanisms of snobbery and financial speculation behind the flourishing art market, the disastrous "tulip mania" of the 1630s, the barbaric persecution of the painter Torrentius. There is more in Holland's "healthy republican spirit," claims Herbert, than meets the eye that is transfixed by Vermeer or Rembrandt. He is especially

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interested in exploring the "nonheroic" attitude of Dutch society. This attitude, to be sure, denoted an admirable absence of military adventurism; and yet a society devoid of heroes is dangerously close to forgetting the existence of values higher than peace, prosperity and the material life.

This particular observation brings us back to the poet's own paradoxical hero. Herbert has made two great discoveries in the course of his career; and if the first was enough to make him a major poet of our time, the second gave his poetry the chance to become even more refined while it reached an even broader audience. The first discovery was the principle that I would call, a little clumsily, The Ironist's Need of a Moral Code.

Herbert understood very early that his antinomian vision could flourish only if he maintained a constant equilibrium between opposing values; only if he let them clash without exposing his role as a referee, and without ever declaring the victory of one or the other. But he also understood that the sort of irony produced by such an unresolved duel of values may give rise to nothing more than a cheap laugh, a cynical weariness of the world. Irony loses its power when it questions everything without exception. By the middle of this century—thus I imagine Herbert's reasoning—we have had enough didactic lecturing and tendentiousness in poetry, but we have also had enough irony of the sort that leaves no moral stone unturned. Those who would disinherit us would love us to believe all their lies, but if we refuse that extreme of gullibility, they are perfectly content to have us subside into nihilism; and left with no values of our own to fall back on, we will be more susceptible to their assaults. *Be skeptical, but listen to your inner voice; be ironic, but keep a compass intact.* This was the essence of Herbert's first discovery, which coincided with the moment in the early 1950s in Stalinist Warsaw when he was writing "for his desk drawer" with no chance to publish.

Herbert's other discovery, which came almost twenty years later, around 1970, was the use of a poetic persona to convey his ironic moralism. This revelation came in the shape of Mr. Cogito. At that point Herbert was already a virtuoso of the dramatic monologue, as in the masterpieces of his early years, "Elegy of Fortinbras" and "The Return of the Proconsul," in which Shakespeare's conqueror and the anonymous Roman official behave exactly like the Duke of Ferrara in "My Last Duchess"; that is to say, given the chance to speak freely, they unwittingly expose the most compromising aspects of their personalities. Herbert continued to dabble in this Browningesque technique. Even in *Mr. Cogito* there are a few fine examples of it, such as the hilarious (for all its horror) "Caligula," in which the mad emperor discusses his decision to give his horse the rank of consul, justifying the step with impeccable logic:

> he never gave speeches
> a stoic nature...
> he performed his duties excellently
> that is he didn't perform them at all

Mr. Cogito, however, is a much more complicated literary creature than Fortinbras or Caligula. When the first Mr. Cogito poems made their appearance in literary periodicals in the early '70s, Herbert's fans had the right to be a little confused. For all the ambiguous subtlety and the wide range of its ironic effects, the dramatic monologue makes at least one thing crystal clear: its author and its speaker are two different people, distinct not just in the sense of having separate identities but also, as a rule, differing sharply in their outlooks or ideals. The persona monologue, by contrast, does not actually make use of another person. In that sense, the description of the form is misleading. "Persona" originally meant a mask used in ancient the-

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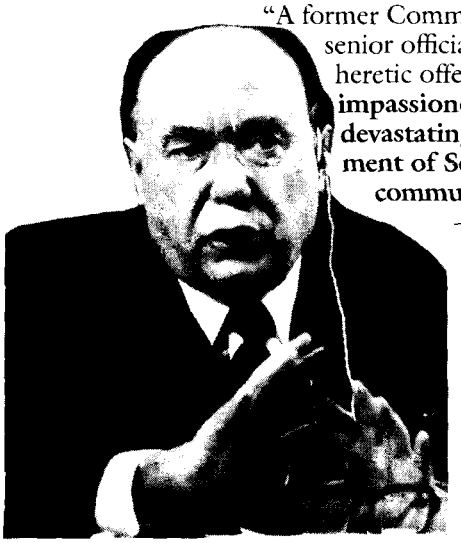

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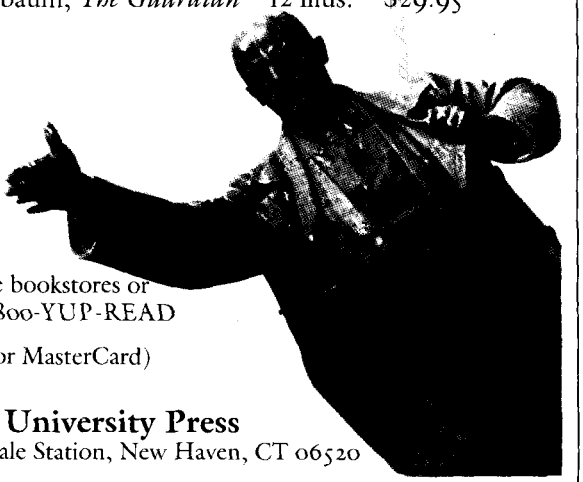

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ater. In poems employing this device, however, we hear a voice that we suspect to be, but we cannot prove to be, the voice of the author. The speaker's face remains hidden behind the mask. And so the magnitude of the distance between the persona and the author is something for us to determine.

Herbert makes this task even more complicated by writing some of the Mr. Cogito poems in the first person, and others in the third person. Mr. Cogito is, then, either the formal speaker, or the hero seen from the outside and commented upon by a voice that is presumably Herbert's. In the first-person poems, moreover, the degree of Mr. Cogito's actual involvement may vary. In some, such as "Mr. Cogito Looks at His Face in the Mirror," he is intensely personal; in others, such as "Mr. Cogito Meditates on Suffering," his presence can be discerned only in the poem's title.

The purpose of this kind of now-you-see-him-now-you-don't style becomes clear as we read along. The opening poem, for instance, the highly personal "Mr. Cogito Looks...," is immediately followed by "About Mr. Cogito's Two Legs," a third-person caricature rather than a portrait of Herbert's persona, in which the author's ironic detachment borders on the deliberately grotesque. In his own first-person version, Mr. Cogito's problem with his dual identity sounded anything but funny (and it was accompanied by a little show of his erudition and intellectual depth); but in the subsequent version, his dilemma is translated into the farcically literal image of two legs that differ in every possible respect:

the left
inclined to leap
ready to dance
loving life too much
to expose itself

the right
nobly rigid
sneering at danger

in this way
on two legs
the left which can be compared to Sancho Panza
and the right
recalling the wandering knight
Mr. Cogito
goes
through the world
staggering slightly

The two poems serve as a combined introduction of the poet's persona, but their tone and their attitude are jarringly contrasted. And this dissonance sets the tone for the entire collection. Most of the Mr. Cogito poems (from this book and from Herbert's later books) have been available in English before, in translations by Czeslaw Milosz and Peter Dale Scott or by John and Bogdana Carpenter; but it is necessary to observe the arrangement of the original collection to appreciate the methodic precision with which Herbert keeps throwing us off balance, challenging our interpretation as soon as we have arrived at it and never letting us find the satisfying answer to the central question: Who the hell is Mr. Cogito?

Who is he, indeed? We easily spot Descartes as the source of Mr. Cogito's name (characteristically Sancho-Panza'd down by means of the pedestrian "Mr."); and we are able to restore the missing "...ergo sum," and understand the whole phrase. But even if Herbert's protagonist is supposed to represent the Thinking Individual, there is nothing especially Cartesian about the hero himself. Cartesian clarity? He is much too uncertain and hesitant. Cartesian logic? He is too much of a walking (or "staggering slightly") contradiction. Even the most certain thing about him, the notion of his "thinking," is not quite unequivocal. He turns out to be unable, for instance, "to attain pure thought," that is, to detach himself completely from the surrounding world's trivial contingency. Don't bet on Mr. Cogito, in other words, if you are looking for certainty, or a fail-safe interpretation of reality, or a formula for a happy life. Perhaps that is precisely the point: that every age gets the Cogito Ergo Sum that it deserves.

Reading Herbert's collection not as a random gathering of poems, but as a planned and carefully executed arrangement, corroborates this hypothesis about the true identity of Mr. Cogito. (This alone justifies the publication of *Mr. Cogito* as a separate book.) The entire collection proceeds consistently from the question of identity to the question of ethics. How is an individual existence possible at all? In what way, and to what extent, is my self my self? These are the questions that Mr. Cogito ponders in the opening group of poems. Since the questions are both timeless and posed by an individual who is clearly our contemporary, it is almost inevitable that the book mainly pursues that investigation in Herbert's trademark manner: that is, by blending the universal-historical-mythical perspective with the here and now. The question of identity leads directly to the question of the limits of the self, "limits which open only for a moment" allowing us to cross, if temporarily, the borderline between "I" and "non-I."

By this point, however, the self has already turned into its ethical counterpart, into something indistinguishable from conscience, the "inner voice" so often heard in Herbert's writing. Ethically speaking, our existence is marked by another paradox: to live conscientiously, we have to make our individual self's "limits ... open," that is, we have to live among and for others. But living among others means having to choose among rival standards of behavior, rival systems of value and so on, and for the making of such a choice our only recourse, when ideologies or traditions fail us, is our own individual conscience.

This paradoxical truth would settle the matter, but for two facts. The first is that our "inner voice" can be barely audible. Our lives are, as a rule, spent in the gray zone of relative values and dull half-measures. We are very seldom confronted with dramatic yes-or-no choices; even less often do they concern matters of great importance. The poem "The Abyss of Mr. Cogito" makes this point brilliantly: even though the thinking individual's world includes some remnant of the traditional notion of damnation for evil, the abyss that symbolizes damnation is exactly as shallow as the ethical alternatives available to him:

it is not the abyss of Pascal
it is not the abyss of Dostoyevski
it is an abyss
to Mr. Cogito's measure...

as bothersome as eczema
attached to him like a dog
too shallow to engulf
head arms and legs

one day perhaps
the abyss will grow up
the abyss will mature
and become serious

The other fact that prevents the truth of our conscience from being something with which we all can live is that we cannot *live* with it. When a truly momentous choice finally arises, heeding your "inner voice" may mean losing your life. This is the teaching of "Mr. Cogito on Upright Attitudes," the penultimate poem in the book; and it mirrors its symmetrically located partner, "About Mr. Cogito's Two Legs." The poem unfolds in the language of symbolic human anatomy. The situation presented is that of the siege of Utica (one of Pompeius's last stands against the advancing troops of Caesar in 46 B.C.), and the hero about whom Mr. Cogito meditates is Cato the Younger. In the town where "the citi-

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zens / don't want to defend themselves" and "are attending accelerated courses / on falling to the knees," Mr. Cogito, emulating Cato's example, "would like to stand / up to the situation."

Note the exquisitely utilized common logic of body positions: as opposed to the humiliating yet safer "falling to the knees," the proud "standing up" (a necessary thing to do if you want "to look fate / straight in the eyes") means, in practical terms, sticking your head out so that it can be mowed down sooner than the heads of others. Still, there are situations—Herbert's poetry is actually all about the fact that we face them, our sense of smallness notwithstanding, every instant of our lives—in which "the choice of a gesture / choice of a last word" proves infinitely more relevant than survival. This is especially the case when one is ultimately doomed, and aren't we all?

little remained for him
in fact only
the choice of position
in which he wants to die

the choice of a gesture
choice of a last word

this is why he doesn't go
to bed
in order to avoid
suffocation in sleep

to the end he would like
to stand up to the situation

fate looks him in the eyes
in the place where there was
his head

The irony of the ending requires no analysis, except for mentioning that its echoes reverberate with particular force in two other, rather different poems by Herbert. It happens that, in Poland at least, precisely these two poems have been the most famous and frequently quoted of all of Herbert's poems over the past decade. One of them is "The Power of Taste," published in 1981, and the other is the very next poem in *Mr. Cogito*, "The Envoy of Mr. Cogito," the poem that serves, at the same time, as the book's grand finale.

"The Envoy of Mr. Cogito" has enjoyed its almost legendary status in Polish poetry for two decades, and at first glance you might wonder why. To judge by the number of imperative verbs alone, there seems to be no other poem in Herbert's career in which he has come so perilously close to open didactic instruction, to moralistic pedagogy rather than moralistic poetry. Yet it is enough just to examine the poem's inner logic to realize how wrong such an impression is. What makes this poem a masterpiece is its many-layered irony. Had Herbert said, for instance, in the first two lines: "Go where those others went . . . / for the golden fleece . . . your last prize," nothing could save the poem from exuding immediately a terrible didactic stench. But what Herbert in fact says is anything but unequivocal:

Go where those others went to the dark
boundary
for the golden fleece of nothingness your
last prize

Throughout the entire poem Mr. Cogito the monologuist takes pains to discourage his listeners from what he is purportedly encouraging them to do. He undermines his own call for conscience-guided "going upright" by pointing out its ultimate futility:

you were saved not in order to live. . .
the informers executioners cowards—they
will win. . .
they will reward you with what they have at
hand
with the whip of laughter with murder on a
garbage heap

This moralist, in other words, offers no rewards and promises no final victory. And that is precisely why we keep listening to him. This poetry is not snake oil. We are told straightforwardly what the deal is: for the fleeting exhilaration of getting off our knees and "going upright," most probably nothing but lots of punishment; for the brief moment of certainty that we did the right thing, an almost certain defeat. We grasp all that because Mr. Cogito tells us so; but we also grasp something that he would not tell us, namely that he himself has already made a choice. And that ultimate choice is the only unequivocal thing about him, this unoracular oracle and nonheroic hero of our time.

STANISLAW BARANCZAK is the author of *Breathing Under Water and Other East European Essays* (Harvard University Press).

Remaking It

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

New York Days by Willie Morris

(Little, Brown, 396 pp., $24.95)

Kafka Was the Rage: A Greenwich Village Memoir by Anatole Broyard

(Carol Southern Books/Crown, 160 pp., $18)

It must be nice getting lionized twice. Maybe, like love, it's even sweeter the second time around. During the '60s, Willie Morris was lauded as the editor of *Harper's*, where he published Norman Mailer, Irving Howe, David Halberstam, Joan Didion and Bill Moyers, among others. He dazzled New York and New York dazzled him. He became a regular at Elaine's and a popular partygoer, exchanging chitchat with such screen favorites as Lauren Bacall ("Betty, we all called her"), Deborah Kerr, Richard Widmark and Shirley MacLaine.

Now, more than twenty years later, Morris is being feted again for his memoir *New York Days*, in which he recounts how he published Norman Mailer, Irving Howe, David Halberstam, Joan Didion and Bill Moyers, among others, became a regular at Elaine's, and exchanged chitchat with such screen favorites as Lauren Bacall, Deborah Kerr, Rich- . . . well, you get the idea. It's déjà vu all over again, a coy recital akin to Comden and Green doing a Broadway show of their old Broadway hits. Morris's former cronies can hardly contain themselves. The back cover of the book features blurbs from Bill Moyers, George Plimpton and Joseph Heller. On the front page of *The New York Times Book Review*, Elizabeth Hardwick called the book "a star-crossed romance on the boulevard of broken dreams." Given the drinking habits of Morris and company, it's more like the boulevard of broken bottles, but never mind: starry-eyed Willie Morris still is.

Time and memory have not shrunk his sense of wonder. He goes through the entire book agape and agog, the

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Thomas Wolfe of the three-martini lunch. The editor of *Harper's!* He still can't get over it, or himself, or this unfolding miracle we call life. As he strolls one January day in 1969, he tells himself:

> I am the editor of one of the most respected magazines in the history of America, and the most long-lasting. The best writers will write for us and not for the money. *Harper's* is what this town calls 'hot'; I cannot but remember that *Esquire* citation in '63 of its being 'Squaresville.' It is the kind of moment that I have come all my life for. We are making a difference in the way the most powerful civilization in the history of the world perceives itself, the sexiest, richest, most self-conscious society ever conceived. I have at my touch the best and the brightest. Is not Halberstam, at this very moment, writing for us on that subject, but with a certain irony? What killer idea will be pursued today? Everyone who matters wants more. Why has Jack Valenti of Hollywood called to have dinner at the "21" Club tonight? What's shaking in D.C.? Whose cage should be rattled? I am on my way to lunch in the Plaza with Seymour Hersh, who has an important story to tell. Or is it Styron, who will describe the Polish girl with the Auschwitz tattoo he knew just after the war in Flatbush? Or Lizzy Hardwick, about going home to Kentucky? Or Vermont Connecticut Royster, editor of *The Wall Street Journal*? Or the precocious tycoon with Macmillan who wants to talk about something? Or Joan Didion fresh in from L.A.?

WILLIE MORRIS BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Whoever his Mystery Date will be, he or she will be brilliant, the conversation will sparkle, the waiters will smile knowingly and Morris will be released into the street shiny new. "These are the New York days, the fabulous and limitless and halcyon days, and I think we will surely be young forever."

A native son and current resident of Mississippi, Morris wrote a book a couple of decades ago called *North Toward Home*, which touched on the experience of being editor of *Harper's*, but spoke more of the isolation, the anxiety and the culture shock of being a soft-spoken Southerner in a city of combat-ready sophisticates moving at twice his speed. Nothing had prepared him for the verbal fisticuffs of even casual conversations. The book had a sleepy subduedness, as if it had been written between naps, or during. Although I haven't opened the book in twenty years or so, I can still recall his description of a drive up the New Jersey turnpike, where even the sunrise (or was it the sunset?) looked venereal. Everything that was personally observed and proportionate in *North Toward Home* is pumped full of hype and portent in *New York Days*. Morris writes as if he were intoning into a microphone, the Manhattan skyline at his back. "The people. The places. The neighborhoods. Anything could happen in the city, bizarre juxtapositions, prodigal confrontations."

Of course, the action wasn't all in New York. The '60s were a traveling circus. Whether it was Hunter S. Thompson stomping with the Hell's Angels, Tom Wolfe hanging with car buffs and surf bums, John Sack training with the troops, Truman Capote offering the anatomy of murder or Joan Didion taking the pulse of the L.A. freeway, the best writings during and about the decade are those in which the writer was in the weird thick of it, taking in the madhouse scene as if his or her head had multiple lenses. Morris had a more bird's-eye view of the decade.

> From the summit of the cultural capital and in my extensive travels as a writer and editor I bore witness to a broader America sundered with its internecine tensions and angers and extremes, its enveloping conflicts, and I had a consuming ache and fear for my country then, for its dire tempers and unraveling excesses, and for the incredible prodigal clashing voices of a crazy mass democracy, and for "the fragility of the membranes of civilization," as Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. wrote then, "stretched so thin over a nation so disparate in its composition, so tense in its interior relationships, so cunningly enmeshed in underground fears and antagonisms."

That's the recipe for *New York Days*: reheated punditry, smothered with quotation. Given Annie Gottlieb's *Do You Believe in Magic?*, Morris Dickstein's *Gates of Eden*, the various books on Woodstock and the rest, yet another helicopter tour of the '60s yields well-chewed terrain. Morris has nothing original or revisionist to say about the decade:

> As we approach the fin de siècle, I recall Professor Schlesinger's Hegelian tides in our history, the coming and going and coming again in cycles of retrenchment and vitality. Is this protean, unpredictable, malleable, bifurcated and sometimes frightening nation slowly approaching another such crossroads? I look forward to knowing.

In the meantime, I think I'll have me some of that lemonade.

The vulgar truth is that the sole selling point of a book like this has to be its gossip. As Morris waxes Proustian about his days at Oxford ("Yet, slowly, the spell of Oxford grew, until one was suffused with it, with its majesty and largess"), or plays pop sociologist ("Rock and roll as a presage of the 1960s dissidence had always fascinated me"), you find yourself muttering: yeah, yeah, get to the good stuff. The negative surprise of the book,

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Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

Smart ALEC

The Wall Chart lives! A collection of education data that was used for state-by-state comparisons, the Wall Chart was one of former U.S. Secretary of Education William Bennett's favorite blunt instruments. It's been revived under the name of the *Report Card on American Education* by a conservative group known as the American Legislative Exchange Council (ALEC), and ALEC uses the report to draw the same kind of crude and misleading conclusions that the Secretary used to specialize in—and still does.

ALEC makes much of the fact that certain states do better on some basic indicators of student success even though they spend much less on education than the average. (See Table 1.) Iowa and North Dakota tie for first in the 1992 NAEP eighth grade math scores and are close to the top in the percentage of students they graduate. At the same time, they are very far down in education spending, both in terms of per-pupil expenditures and average teacher salaries. Indeed, North Dakota is practically in the cellar in education spending, while New Jersey, Connecticut and New York, which are high spenders, do more poorly than some states that spend much less.

How can we explain better performance with less money? Emily Feistritzer, the author of the report, mentions "standards" and "academic rigor" and suggests that taking more academic courses (as opposed to soft electives) is related to high achievement. However, most of her data pertain to expenditures and encourage a favorite conservative notion—that spending doesn't count in education.

You can reach this conclusion only by ignoring a lot of things about the kinds of students a state is educating—like how many don't speak English at home and how many live below the poverty line. Youngsters like these cost more to educate, and including these data in comparisons between states changes the picture considerably. (See Table 2.) Compare the fact that only 3.9 percent of people in Iowa speak a language other than English at home with New Jersey's 19.5 percent or the 23.3 percent in New York. And compare the far greater percentage of minority children—a disproportionate number of whom are poor—in high-spending states (25 percent in Connecticut and better than one-third in New York and New Jersey) with the 5.8 percent in Iowa.

Suppose a family had to spend extra money helping one of its children succeed in school. If this child still did not achieve as well as the others, would the parents consider the money wasted?

The point is that some states have bigger challenges to deal with than others. And, in fact, given the problems they face, some states that spend a lot and get unspectacular returns *are* giving value for their money. The NAEP average in Connecticut is quite respectable—given the minority enrollment and the kids who don't speak English at home. The same is true of the graduation rate in New Jersey.

Suppose a family had to spend extra money helping one of its children succeed in school. If this child still did not achieve as well as the others, would the parents consider the money wasted? Or what about a hospital that dealt primarily with hard cases? It would require more money and would probably have a lower success rate than a hospital that accepted only relatively easy cases, but would anybody automatically assume the first hospital was doing a worse job or squandering its money?

People who say that money is not the answer to every problem in education are right. But it is deliberately misleading not to distinguish between spending in states that have low-need student bodies and states that face the challenge of educating many very needy young people. Numbers don't lie, but liars often make use of numbers.

Table 1 States Compared by Ranking on NAEP, Graduation Rates and Expenditures

	NAEP Grade 8 Math 1992	Graduation 1991	Per-Pupil Expenditure, 1992-93	Average Teacher Salary, 1992-93
Iowa	1	4	27	34
N. Dak.	1	2	44	49
Minn.	3	1	25	18
N. J.	14	8	1	4
Conn.	11	16	3	1
N.Y.	22	45	4	3

Table 2 States Compared by Selected Socioeconomic Factors

	Children in Poverty Rank, 1991	Percentage Minority Enrollment, 1990	Percentage Not Speaking English at Home, 1990*
Iowa	49	5.8	3.9
N. Dak.	32	8.6	7.9
Minn.	29	9.8	5.6
N. J.	26	34.8	19.5
Conn.	41	25.1	15.2
N.Y.	13	33.8	23.3

*Data from 1990 census. All other data from *Report Card on American Education*.

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aside from its gaseous prose, is how little good stuff there is. As Louis Menand noted in *The New Yorker*, Morris's account of how he became editor of *Harper's* doesn't jibe with his earlier tale in *North Toward Home*. The office lore, such as how *Harper's* writers would bug David Halberstam by sending him crank letters, was more amusingly told in Larry L. King's *None But a Blockhead*. The book's big set piece—Morris arriving at a posh party for Senator McGovern with dog doo stuck to his shoe ("the excrement, which possessed the creamy consistency, say, of overcooked mashed potatoes, began squishing in my shoe, a soft but not negligent whish")—becomes an urban folktale of almost room-clearing whimsy. Even the chapter on the dissolution of his marriage, which finds him spying on his wife's psychiatrist and promises some personal revelation, trails off into platitude. "Finally, I have learned how difficult love is, how hard to achieve and sustain, no matter who the person or how felicitous the circumstance."

Wilfrid Sheed accused Norman Podhoretz of padding the index to *Making It* with the names of his famous friends. When it comes to padding, Podhoretz (a schmucky minor character in *New York Days*) is a piker compared to Morris, whose paragraphs sometimes read like invitation lists. He namedrops about those he saw at Elaine's. "Woody Allen, producer, director, writer, latter poet of the city, began to frequent Elaine's, accompanied by one or another of the movie actresses, Mia Farrow or Diane Keaton or Meryl Streep...." He namedrops about those he didn't see at Elaine's. "In my time in the city I never once saw Eudora Welty in Elaine's, or Walker Percy or Shelby Foote, to mention a few Southerners, or Saul Bellow or Bernard Malamud or Isaac Bashevis Singer, of urban dwellers...." He namedrops about those who might have enjoyed Elaine's, had they not been dead. "From what I know of them, the young Hemingway would have come to the place if it had existed then when he was out of sorts in the town, and Fitzgerald, and Steinbeck, and for that matter Dreiser and St. Vincent Millay." When Morris takes reluctant leave of Manhattan—his harsh, glittery mistress—he finds that Long Island, too, offers a living pantheon:

> Only later, beyond the purview of this memoir, would I come to know and spend time with some of the finest writers who would choose out of love for this land to live here: Peter Matthiessen, Joseph Heller, Jean Stafford, Shana Alexander, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., Wilfrid Sheed, Betty Friedan, Budd Schulberg, John Knowles, Craig Claiborne.

Craig Claiborne!

The real story of *New York Days*, the story that Willie Morris seems too mesmerized to tell, is how the '60s turned even serious people into star-fuckers. The one person in the book who refuses to be wowed is Robert Lowell, who, when asked by Morris what it feels like being on the cover of *Time*, shrugs and replies: "It doesn't feel [like] anything, really. It doesn't amount to anything either." It's a lesson lost on Morris, who keeps chugging through *New York Days* as if being on magazine covers, mentioned in articles and invited to the right parties amounts to everything. It's as if he fears that if he doesn't flatter his friends and if they don't flatter him, the world will come to a dead stop, and he'll be left standing alone in the middle of the room, spotlighted as a Southern boy who doesn't belong.

Once he's ousted as editor of *Harper's* (corporate shortsightedness and falling circulation aggravated by his refusal to include the owners in his clique), his worst fears are realized. Instead of taking another job, he leaves New York for Long Island's South Shore, where he ponders away the winter. "Why would the hurt and anger and guilt, the tangible and continual sense of loss, last so long, so far into my adulthood? Someday I would know." But that "someday" doesn't occur in *New York Days*. He still seems mystified by his oversized sense of failure. He eventually winds his way back down to Mississippi, where he writes a book about the football sensation Marcus Dupree and plants his prose in what he thinks is Faulkner soil. It smells and sounds like the same old Southern bull.

None of this diminishes what Morris accomplished at *Harper's*. Publishing Seymour Hersh on My Lai, Jeremy Larner on Eugene McCarthy, Joe McGinniss on the selling of the president, not to mention springing Norman Mailer on the Pentagon, the 1968 conventions and feminism (*The Prisoner of Sex* appeared complete in the pages of *Harper's*, the longest single magazine article since John Hersey's "Hiroshima") displayed a nerve, an instinct and a capacity for encouragement rare among editors. Each issue was proof that writers will settle for less money, if less money means more freedom and space.

But I'm sure that Morris himself would admit that the triumphs of *Harper's* weren't isolated flourishes. Flipping through magazines then was like spinning the A.M. radio dial and hearing a succession of hit singles. *Esquire* was in its heyday under Harold Hayes. *The Village Voice* ran free under Dan Wolf. *The New Yorker* offered powerful coverage and commentary on Vietnam. *Rolling Stone*, *Ramparts*, *Evergreen Review* and the underground rags offered the latest fleabites of hippie radicalism. From Theodore Solatoroff's literary *New American Review* to I.F. Stone's scrappy newsletter (the true forerunner to desktop publishing), the written word was weapon, omen, summons, catcall, put-on. Every hotshot writer seemed hooked up to his own amplifier. Now that the noise has died, it isn't evident how much of this work will endure.

Indeed, the argument has been made by Joseph Epstein and others that the '50s, long belittled for their blandness and conformity, were actually a far more incubative period for lasting writing than the gloryhound '60s. Where the '60s placed a premium on public posture, the '50s still retain the scuff marks of offstage activity. It was a time when writers lived like poor students. One thinks of Saul Bellow's description of Isaac Rosenfeld's kitchen, the cockroaches leaping from the toaster with the slices of bread. The intellectual center of bohemia was Greenwich Village. (The creative center was wherever Jack Kerouac happened to be.)

Its neighborhood bars now as varnished in legend as the Paris cafés that Hemingway frequented, the Village of the '50s has been fictionally satirized by Dawn Powell and Wallace Markfield, replayed like a nostalgic newsreel in Dan Wakefield's *New York in the '50s*, reduced to a cigarette flicker in Herbert Gold's *Bohemia: Where Art, Angst, Love & Strong Coffee Meet*, restaged like a Strindberg play in Leonard Michaels's *Sylvia*. It's a period easy to caricature. (Goatees! Spade chicks! Orgone energy!) Yet there was a balled-up mental hunger beneath all the sponging and posing.

Where the star bylines at Elaine's honked their horns all night long about politics and publishing deals, the Village intellectuals were browbeaten by the feverish demands of modernism. As Seymour Krim, a veteran of the scene, wrote:

> What had happened was that each outstanding single achievement of the recent past—by a D.H. Lawrence, Picasso, Stravinsky, Gerard Manley Hopkins, Melville—was linked with the other to create a vocabulary of modernity; familiarity with great work was as casually expected of a person as familiarity with the daily paper; ... this stitching-together of extraordinary achievement provided the background for all conversation, friendship, feuds, affairs....

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Parties became verbal jam sessions. Woe to him or her who couldn't keep pace. "The stuttering crudenik who couldn't come on in public and didn't understand or like Kafka ... would have been slaughtered if he stuck his head in a jumping living room where my teachers and I mapped and remapped the world by the second."

The very title of Anatole Broyard's posthumous memoir, *Kafka Was the Rage*, supports Krim's claim. Back from World War II, during which he and a large crew scraped clay-hard human dung off the dock at Yokohama, Broyard left his family in Brooklyn and moved to Greenwich Village, where he opened a secondhand bookstore:

> I realize that people still read books now and some people actually love them, but in 1946 in the Village our feelings about books—I'm talking about my friends and myself—went beyond love. It was as if we didn't know where we ended and books began. Books were our weather, our environment, our clothing. We didn't simply read books, we became them.

Delmore Schwartz, for instance. "Like many other New York writers and intellectuals of his generation, Delmore seemed to me to have read himself right out of American culture. He was a citizen only of literature. His Greenwich Village was part Dostoyevski's Saint Petersburg and part Kafka's Amerika." Schwartz even had a European walk, zigzagging down the street like Dr. Caligari. The critic Richard Gilman was another creature of osmosis:

> In his reading, for example, he was a serial monogamist. He'd fall in love with a particular author and remain faithful to him alone, reading everything by and about him. He would become that author, talk like him, think like him, dress like him if possible. He took on his politics, his causes, his eccentricities. At one point in his D. H. Lawrence phase—this was after his Yeats and Auden phases—Dick actually went to Mexico and tried to find Lawrence's footprints in the dust.

Unlike Schwartz or Gilman or Krim's jazzy crowd, Broyard wasn't a Jewish superbrain pitting himself against the Modern Library giants. He didn't carry his head on a pedestal. Handsome, copper-skinned, Catholic by religion, hedonist by nature, an exotic import from the French Quarter of New Orleans, Broyard tested ideas on his skin. Pleasure was the only truth you could trust. His memoir rings directly from Broyard's pleasure centers, free of bloat, abstraction and second-guessing. It has the unpretentious ease of John Glassco's classic *Memoirs of Montparnasse.*

Where Willie Morris has to paint the side of a barn to make a point, Anatole Broyard can recapture in a single burst the excitement of Meyer Schapiro lecturing on Picasso ("When he said that with *Le Demoiselles d'Avignon* Picasso had fractured the picture plane, I could hear it crack") or the pent-up libido of the post-war period: "When a girl took off her underpants in 1947, she was more naked than any woman before her had ever been." Her nakedness was an event, because the entire culture said "No." Women were taught to wait. "One of the things we've lost is the terrific coaxing that used to go on between men and women, the man pleading with the girl to sleep with him and the girl pleading with him to be patient."

Broyard had a reputation for being quite a coaxer. Introducing a story of his in the anthology *The Beats*, Krim claimed that Broyard had "fascinated enough New York chicks to start a war between himself and the rest of Mankind." But every man meets his match. Leonard Michaels had his manhood twisted into a pretzel by his wife Sylvia, a mad downtown version of *la belle dame sans merci.* Broyard's femme fatale is the earthy, ethereal Sheri Donatti, a painter who invites Broyard to share her walk-up apartment in the Village, complete with bathtub in the kitchen. Ample below the waist, slender above, her figure denoted a divided self. "Her waist was so small, it cut her in two, like a split personality, or two schools of thought."

Sheri was a disciple of Anaïs Nin, the novelist and diarist who distilled art into a delicate perfume that left strong men dizzy. When Broyard is presented to Nin, he receives her hypnotic rays. "I could feel her projecting an image of herself, one that was part French, part flamenco, part ineffable. When she said, 'You are Anatole,' I immediately became Anatole in a way I hadn't been before." But there's something cornball about Nin's high-priestess act and her head-scratching pronouncements. Sheri, however, was literally the latest craze, embodying "all the new trends in art, sex and psychosis." So enslaved is Broyard by Sheri's rampant body and unreachable mind that when she complains of a heart condition, he decides to spare her any undue exertion. "From then on, whenever we went anywhere, whenever we came back to the apartment, I carried her up the stairs. I delivered her, conveyed her. I became her porter as well as her lover."

At first he doesn't mind ("I liked the idea that she was portable"), though he does gets winded toting her to parties. He eventually realizes that there's nothing wrong with her heart. Her wish to be carried is a comic form of hysteria expressing a deeper depression. One night he awakens to find her naked in the kitchen with her head resting on a towel on top of the stove. All the gas jets are going. He shuts off the gas in time to save her life, but it's a deathblow to her hold on him. He finds another apartment, other women, a flock of shadows.

He insists that his interest was more

THE LIFE of a STAR

A Poem In Memoriam: John Fitzgerald Kennedy by Sidney Krome

1963 – 1993

That which we were
which we thought we were
which we thought and
which we were
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nor will be again

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than physical. "Although their bodies were often beautiful to me and their personalities as appealing as our inhibitions allowed them to be, it was ultimately with girls' souls that I grappled. No matter what we said or did, I couldn't get away from their souls." The book ends with Broyard walking down the street with Milton Klonsky, perhaps the most brilliant of Village bookworms (a poet, local historian and Blake scholar), when he spots an attractively packaged soul.

> She must have seen the admiration in my face, because she smiled, a little conspiratorial smile. I broke off in the middle of a sentence and ran after her, which enraged Milton. I could never make him understand that, at the moment when she smiled, I saw her as the incarnation of meaning.

Such crooning lures us away from the central mystery of Broyard's career. He's filtering his past through a silk stocking. While Broyard may have made a name for himself downtown as the last of the incurable romantics, a moist sensualist amidst all the broomstick intellectuals, he had a larger public reputation as a writer of (oh, dread word) promise. In the '50s he published stories, including a couple of unforgettable ones about his father, that impressed readers and fellow writers alike. When Norman Mailer torched his contemporaries in *Advertisements for Myself*, he reserved a favorable nod for Broyard, saying he would buy a novel by him the day it appeared. But no novel ever did appear. Neither did a collection of short stories. Instead he taught at the New School, where he had a racy reputation for running around with his students, and became a book reviewer at *The New York Times*, collecting his articles under the throbbing title *Aroused by Books*. (A title that did a disservice to the book, which is full of light, biting perceptions.)

An inveterate sweet-talker, Broyard was tone-deaf to feminism, incapable of understanding that women might find courtly phrases a cover for the same old tired come-on. His charm did carry specks of condescension. His reasoning with women had a smooth layer of coaxing. More militant women refused to play coy. I once saw Germaine Greer, grouchily leonine, behead him with a single bite on "The David Susskind Show." He tried to call a truce with his collection *Men, Women and Other Anticlimaxes*, but the static between the sexes was too tense for his worldly tone. His last book was a punchy but lyrical account of his cancer called *Intoxicated by My Illness*, where he cast off pride and shame and intellectual armor. He had no problem with illness as metaphor. "Perhaps only metaphor can express the bafflement, the panic combined with beatitude, of the threatened person. Surely Ms. Sontag wouldn't wish to condemn the sick to Hemingway sentences." *Intoxicated by My Illness* is a moving farewell, a suitable monument to Broyard's career. Yet the fact remains that he never became the fiction writer that he might have been, fit company for Vidal, Bellow, Mailer.

Almost nothing of his thoughts and his feelings about his writing or unfulfilled hopes appears in *Kafka Was the Rage*. It's as if he thought he would snap the spell if he alluded to anything so mundane as work. But if he harbored any disappointments, he wasn't dour about it. Unlike Delmore Schwartz, he didn't build a scarecrow out of failure (and unlike Morris, he wasn't tempted to write and rewrite testimonials to his own fleeting success). Or perhaps Broyard was mature enough about his limitations and modest achievements not to haunt himself over what might have been. The one time I met him, he struck me as that rare bird among writers, a happy realist. His eyes were clear panes. In *Intoxicated by My Illness*, he pays homage to a friend named Paul Breslow who spent the last few months of his life trying to write a novel. Although Breslow had done everything—published books, collected art from the African bush—he convinced himself that his life would be a failure if he didn't finish his novel. "Though he covered quite a few pages with his slackening fingers," writes Broyard, "he never finished his novel, never reached that final satisfaction. He was anything but a failure, though, because the style is the man and literature isn't everything."

JAMES WOLCOTT writes for *The New Yorker*.

Of Arms and the Woman

BY MICHAEL LIND

The Morning After: Sexual Politics at the End of the Cold War by Cynthia Enloe

(University of California Press, 326 pp., $38, $15 paper)

About halfway through Cynthia Enloe's feminist study of post-cold war international politics, one finds the following:

> So when I first heard the news of what was instantly called the Gulf crisis, I tried, not always successfully, to think about what the invasion and its ripple effects meant....
>
> Perhaps it was these mental aerobics that encouraged me a month later ... to set off on a trial run at analyzing the crisis by imagining it from the vantage point of one of its apparently least significant participants: a Filipina working as a maid in Kuwait City.... I might get back to George Bush, François Mitterrand, King Fahd and Saddam Hussein eventually. But coming to their ideological outlooks and uses of state power by way of particular groups of women, and the relationships of those women with other women, would prove more fruitful than taking the masculinist shortcut. That was the path paved with presumptions that powerful men would reveal the most about why a crisis had developed and why it was following its peculiar course.

Welcome to the world of feminist international relations theory. Try to follow along.

International relations, as a discipline distinct from history and political science, goes back only to the early twentieth century, the time of a great debate between "idealists," who believed in the irenic possibilities of international organization, and "realists," who believed that conflict was a permanent feature of world politics. The realists won that debate. A second great debate took place over questions of method, with pseudo-scientific positivists triumphing over traditional or classical realists, at least in the cloisters of the American academy. And today still another great debate is taking place, with the ascendancy of various postpositivist and antirealist schools of thought: postmodernists, critical theorists, poststructuralists and feminists.

Feminist international relations theory itself comes in several versions. There is feminist empiricism, feminist standpoint theory and feminist postmodernism. Feminist empiricism is epistemologically conservative, though not politically con-

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servative. Its adherents assert that an unconscious masculine bias has influenced the choice of, and answers to, questions in academic disciplines, but that the presence of female scholars can correct "androcentric" distortion; objectivity is difficult, but it is possible. Feminist standpoint theorists and feminist postmodernists criticize feminist empiricists for failing to realize how much mainstream (or "malestream") thinking incorporates "masculinist" assumptions. The standpoint theorists argue that the entire enterprise of international relations theory, like other disciplines, has to be rethought from the standpoint of women. The postmodernists qualify this by arguing that there is no single standpoint of women, accusing the standpoint theorists of the great heresy of essentialism, that is, of mistaking their own white middle-class feminine concepts and values for those of women in general. In short, the standpoint theorists accuse the empiricists of thinking like men, and the postmodernists accuse standpoint theorists of thinking like affluent white women.

Now—if you are still with me—the great intellectual challenge to the conventional realist understanding of international relations comes from the standpoint feminists and the postmodernist feminists, who agree on the broad outlines of the critique. (In what follows I will use "feminist" to mean standpoint and postmodernist scholars.) According to feminist critics, international relations theory as it has evolved incorporates "masculinist" prejudices at each of its three levels of analysis: man, the state and war. Realists are "androcentric" in arguing that the propensity for conflict is universal in human nature ("man"); that the logic and the morality of sovereign states are not identical to those of individuals ("the state"); and that the world is an anarchy in which sovereign states must be prepared to rely on self-help, including organized violence ("war"). Feminist theorists would stress the nurturing and cooperative aspects—the conventionally feminine aspects—of human nature; they would expose the artificiality of notions of sovereignty, and their connection with patriarchy and militarism; and they would replace the narrow realist emphasis on security, especially military security, with a redefinition of security as universal social justice.

The first thing that must be said about the feminist critique of realism is that it is by no means incompatible with realism, *properly understood*. In fact, realist theory can hardly be recognized in the feminist caricature of it. Take the idea of the innate human propensity for conflict. Although some realist thinkers such as Hans Morgenthau have confused the matter (often under the influence of Reinhold Niebuhr) with misleading talk of "original sin," the controlling idea of realism is that there is an ineradicable potential for conflict between human beings—"men" in the inclusive, gender-neutral sense—when they are organized in groups. Realism is not about conflict between individual men, that is, males; if it were, it would be a theory of barroom brawls or adolescent male crime. It is about conflict between rival communities, and those communities include women and men alike.

Feminist critics of realism, then, begin by attacking a straw man, or a straw male. Even worse, they tend to indulge in the stereotypes that they otherwise abhor: aggression is "male," conciliation is "female." To their credit, most feminist theorists are aware of this danger, ever mindful of their dogma that all sexual identity is socially constructed, ever fearful that they will hear the cry of "Essentialist!" raised against them. Thus Enloe, in an earlier book called *Bananas, Beaches and Bases: Making Feminist Sense of International Politics*, struggles with how to answer what she calls "the 'What about Margaret Thatcher?' taunt."

Her answer is that women like Margaret Thatcher and Jeane Kirkpatrick reinforce the patriarchy by making international conflict look "less man-made, more people-made and thus more legitimate and harder to reverse." Enloe applies this analysis consistently—right-wing women like Phyllis Schlafly are pawns of the patriarchal-militarist power structure, while left-wing women like the Greenham Common Women are disinterested proponents of the good of humanity. Still, Enloe is troubled enough to return to the question: "some women's class aspirations and their racist fears lured them into the role of controlling other women for the sake of imperial rule." Admit that, however, and you are close to conceding the point about collective human behavior made by realists.

Then there is "the state." Here, too, there is nothing in realism that cannot accommodate many feminine observations about the particular patriarchal features of particular historic states. The realist definition of "the state" as a sovereign entity with an existence and a strategy distinct from that of individuals is very broad, including medieval duchies and ancient empires—and, perhaps, female biker gangs. Realist theory holds no preference for the modern nation-state, though a word might be spoken in its defense. Again and again in feminist writings one encounters the claim that the modern nation-state is inherently "gendered," as though its predecessors—feudal dynastic regimes, theocratic empires, city-states, tribal amphictyonies—were not even more rigidly patriarchal.

Completely missing from such an analysis is any acknowledgement that the successes of feminism have been largely based on appeals to the universal norms governing citizens of the impersonal, bureaucratic nation-state. Those appeals would have made no sense in any previous political system. Notwithstanding this, feminist scholars tend to join free marketeers, multiculturalists and Wilsonians in their approval of the (mostly imaginary) dissolution of the nation-state in a new world order. If the nation-state is "gendered," Enloe reasons, then perhaps the post-national nonstate need not be: "Perhaps effective U.N. soldiering will call for a new kind of masculinity, one less reliant on misogyny, less insecure about heterosexual credentials." (If the recent "peacekeeping" of U.N. forces in Bosnia and Somalia shows anything, however, it is that a little more of the old masculinity may be necessary to prevent mass slaughter—and mass rape, too.)

Though realist theory can survive, and perhaps even accommodate, many of the arguments of feminism with respect to collective conflict and state sovereignty, realism must reject the third aspect of the feminist criticism: the redefinition of security to mean social justice. From the Marxist left, feminists have picked up the argument that interstate violence is just one genre of "structural violence," which includes the economic oppression of lower classes by upper classes (Marxism) and the subordination of women to men by custom and by violence (feminism). But this notion merely disguises a change of subject as a change of approach. To say that mass rape by soldiers in wartime and wife-beating in societies at peace (excuse me, at "peace") are parts of the same phenomenon is to abandon any pretense of engaging in serious thinking about international relations. The result may be feminist theory, but it is not a theory of world politics. It is a theory of human society in general. When, as in "ecofeminism," the mistreatment of women by men in all societies, in peace and at war, is fused, as a subject of analysis, with the mistreatment of the ecosystem by humanity, one has a theory of everything, and a theory of everything is usually not very much.

If you don't know where you are going,

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as the old saw has it, any road will get you there. Hence Enloe's decision to understand the Gulf war by beginning with the experiences of Filipina maids in Kuwait. "I might get back to George Bush, François Mitterrand, King Fahd and Saddam Hussein eventually." Or maybe not. The results of combining an abandonment of the idea of international politics as something that can be understood by abstracting certain aspects of reality from the blooming, buzzing confusion of fact with an abandonment of a "positivist" effort to establish chains of causation are amply on display in *The Morning After*, as in the earlier *Bananas, Beaches and Bases*.

These rambling exercises in free association have less in common with a monograph on a diplomatic or military subject than with the associative and politicized writings of, say, Adrienne Rich; they amount to a compendium of vignettes linked only by vague humanitarian sentiment and the writer's consciousness. Enloe is grandiose in her employment of "I": "I've become aware now of the ways in which men have used nationalism to silence women...." "Those like myself who believe that militarism is separable from masculinity are especially interested in conscription...." "For instance, I realize now that I know nothing—nothing—about Kurdish women." (Such personal observations, one must admit, are refreshing compared to sentences like these: "Sexual practice is one of the sites of masculinity's—and femininity's—daily construction. That construction is international. It has been so for generations." Or: "Thinking about militarism in this way reminds us that we all can be militarized, as girlfriends, fathers, factory workers or candidates.")

Resolutely ignoring the world of high politics—dictators, presidents, chanceries, general staffs—Enloe devotes attention to various feminist political groupuscles far out of proportion to their actual significance in shaping events. Thus she dwells on a Serbian women's party that "called for respect for cultural diversity within Yugoslavia." She salutes Danish women for voting against Maastricht and Iranian women for working to depose the Shah. "Women Against Fundamentalism is a group formed in Britain by women who included Jews, Arab and Asian Muslims, Hindus, white and Afro-Caribbean Protestants and Irish Catholics. It was formed in 1989, in the turbulently gendered wake of the threats against Salman Rushdie's life...." "The first National Conference of Nicaraguan Women was held in January 1992...."

This recurrent focus on little sisterhoods, mobilizing against "gendered" nation-states, multinational capitalism and racial and religious prejudice, owes a lot to the Marxist dream of a transnational fraternity of workers (in a new form, as a transnational sorority of feminists) and even more to the hope of early twentieth-century peace crusaders such as Jane Addams that the women of the world can unite and put an end to war and exploitation. Enloe tries to justify the attention paid to quite different groups of women in various countries with the claim that "no national movement can be militarized"—or demilitarized?—"without changing the ways in which femininity and masculinity infuse daily life." Even if "militarization," however defined, does result in certain kinds of gender relations, it does not follow that altering masculine and feminine roles will, in itself, do much to reverse the process. Something may, after all, be an effect without being a cause.

Rejecting the feminist approach to international relations does not mean rejecting the subjects or the political values of feminist scholars. Differing notions of masculinity and femininity in different societies, the treatment of women and homosexuals of both sexes in the armed forces, the exploitation of prostitutes by American soldiers deployed abroad, the sexual division of labor both in advanced and developing countries: all of these are important topics that deserve the attention that Enloe awards them. She shows journalistic flair as well as scholarly insight in detailing what abstractions like the Caribbean Basin Initiative mean in the lives of women in particular Third World countries. Still, such case studies, however interesting, do not support the claim of feminist international relations theorists that theirs is a new and superior approach.

One thing should be clear: commitment to a feminist political agenda need not entail commitment to a radical epistemological agenda. Ideas do not have genders, just as they do not have races or classes. In a century in which physics has been denounced as "Jewish" and biology denounced as "bourgeois," it should be embarrassing to denounce the study of international relations as "masculinist." Such a denunciation, of course, will not have serious consequences in politics, but it does violence to the life of the mind. The feminist enemies of empiricism would be well-advised to heed their own counsel and study war no more.

MICHAEL LIND is executive editor of *The National Interest*.

Balanchine's Western Symphony

A piece, along with *Stars and Stripes*, that none
But his warmest admirers much admire,
Far from a *Symphony in Three Movements*, *Agon*,
Or *Four Temperaments*. Noguchi's lyre,

Which steadied the *balancés* of Orpheus,
Reborn as a banjo? Change like that shocks,
And Mr. B., his friends tell, always was
A most mysterious being—Orthodox

Romancer, genius, loon—but with an eye
On brass tacks and a hard-edged realism
That verified by dramatizing the high
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Six-shooting Jacques and silky Tanaquil
Skipping through slatted swinging doors of the
(Until style touched it) mostly untouchable

Saloon, "Red River Valley," in a dude
String version, calling the folktune, *yippi-i-yo*.
File it away along with Bottom's rude
Mechanicals, with La Fontaine, Rousseau,

Modern Times, or Calder's *Circus*? Fine,
But don't complain when foregone views of art
As museum-fodder jinx what they enshrine—
Nor be surprised that Europe, for its part,

Greets simple imitation with a yawn
And saves its keenest praise for Whitman, Ives,
For Wright and Stein, John Ford and Ellington,
Offhand mythologizers of our lives....

Then add one Georgian-American, no stiff
Headwinds to brave, just briefings called downstairs:
"First comes the sweat, then comes the beauty—*if*
You're very lucky and have said your prayers."

ALFRED CORN

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Disobedience

By Maria Tatar

The Oxford Book of Modern Fairy Tales edited by Alison Lurie

(Oxford University Press, 496 pp., $25)

Some years back Roald Dahl pointed out that adults are unyielding in their efforts to civilize "this thing that when it is born is an animal with no manners, no moral sense at all." The urge to enlighten, educate and regulate—to reduce the chances for moments of successful truancy—has inscribed itself with particular intensity on the literature we produce and read to children. Some authors, like Dahl in *Mathilde* or *The Witches*, resist the temptation to exercise disciplinary power by conspiring with the child against the adult; others, like Maurice Sendak (whose credentials for producing children's books include being a "former child"), are able to resurrect the child within as they write their narratives. Theirs are the books that celebrate those triple evils of childhood—disobedience, an idle imagination and curiosity—cheerfully extolling transgressive behavior and deviations from the social norm. In *Don't Tell the Grown-ups*, Alison Lurie called these books "subversive children's literature," for they challenge the rules set down by adults and endorse a rebellious spirit and spunky determination. Now, in *The Oxford Book of Modern Fairy Tales*, Lurie has collected forty stories that reveal how traditional fairy tales have been reshaped, rescripted and reinvented for the past 150 years by successive generations of writers (among them Hawthorne, Ruskin, Thurber and Malamud), with varying degrees of allegiance to the desires of the child.

Traditional fairy tales were, of course, never just for children. Who would want to tell a child the story of a French Red Riding Hood who provocatively asks the wolf what to do with her bodice, petticoat and stockings, then tricks the wolf into freeing her by asking if she can go outdoors to "make a load"? And what parent would dwell in detail (as a German tale does) on the increasing tightness of Rapunzel's clothes just a few months after the prince's first romp with her up in the tower? Adult versions of fairy tales may have depended on ribald jokes and irreverent witticisms for their survival, but there was no room for the good, if not always "clean," fun of those stories in children's literature. To the contrary, Charles Perrault, the brothers Grimm, Joseph Jacobs and other collectors of tales went out of their way to identify stories that discouraged disruptive behavior and produced a body of texts that were heavily invested in disciplinary practices predating the more enlightened views of Locke and Rousseau on childrearing.

The case of Little Red Riding Hood reveals just how easy it was to impose a moral and behavioral agenda on stories that started out as adult entertainment. To teach a lesson to the child inside and outside the book, all you had to do was preface the girl's adventures with interdictions about straying from the path, picking flowers, breaking bottles of wine or (as the Grimms told it) being nosy and peeking into the corners of grandmother's house. We know from the Russian folklorist Vladimir Propp that every fairy-tale interdiction is followed by a transgression and punishment—hence the endless possibilities for disciplinary interventions, whether they take the form of ravenous wolves, duplicitous stepmothers, homicidal husbands or vindictive fairies. In some cases, the more extravagant the description of villainy, the more compelling the story became. The gory punishments visited on the careless, disobedient children of fairy tales, for example, often misfired in their effort to frighten and intimidate—scenes of surreal violence showing children with their clothes on fire, with their heads rolling and with their torsos in the jaws of wild beasts proved to be a source of unending fascination and riotous (if occasionally nervous) laughter for many young readers.

The opening text of Lurie's collection, "Uncle David's Nonsensical Story about Giants and Fairies" by Catherine Sinclair, leaves no doubts about what the mid-nineteenth century saw as the office of children's literature. At a time when corporal punishment and other disciplinary practices pertaining to the body were being disavowed and discredited, it became all the more important to produce tales that were meant to enlist the consciousness of the child in the project of self-discipline and social productivity. Master No-book, the tellingly named protagonist of Sinclair's story, is an "idle, greedy, naughty boy" who spends most of his time "lolling on his mamma's best sofa" with "nothing to do but to suck a few oranges." When Master No-book makes the mistake of allying himself with the fairy Do-nothing, he falls into the hands of Giant Snap-'em-up, who hangs him by "a prodigious hook in the larder, having first taken some large lumps of nasty suet, forcing them down his throat to make him become still fatter and then stirring the fire, that he might almost be melted with heat, to make his liver grow larger." The story's happy ending shows us Master No-book's rescue by fifty "active little boys" and his transformation into Sir Timothy Bluestocking, a model citizen renowned for his "extraordinary activity, appearing as if he could do twenty things at once." "Though generally very good-natured and agreeable," Sir Timothy is sometimes observed "beating little boys within an inch of their lives; but on inquiry, it appears that he has found them out to be lazy, idle or greedy, for all the industrious boys in the parish are sent to get employment from him, while he assures them that they are far happier breaking stones on the road than if they were sitting idly in a drawing room with nothing to do."

What is interesting about this hybrid of cautionary story and fairy tale is its indulgence in carnivalesque violence and grotesque realism. Master No-book gets a good look at the bloated corpses of six other boys who have been fattened in fairy Do-nothing's garden; the cook who serves in Snap-'em-up's kitchen ponders whipping that "great hog of a boy" to death rather than merely goring him to death; and the "good large dish of scalloped children" that will constitute dinner for the giant is described in lavish detail. It is as if the intersection of children's literature with folk culture furnished the site for an explosive proliferation of spine-chilling effects, often so wildly hyperbolic in their grisly details that they entertained rather than alarmed.

This anthology makes legible a variety of nineteenth-century representational practices that positioned the child as an unruly, disruptive figure deserving punishment or death. The hair-raising German *Struwwelpeter*, which exhibited Pauline going up in flames after playing

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with matches and showed Conrad the Thumbsucker getting his thumb sheared off by a gigantic set of scissors, was by no means an isolated instance of a coercively cruel children's story that engaged generations of readers. In England, as Lurie shows us, we have Lucy Lane Clifford's "New Mother," in which a "wild woman" tempts two small children to engage in ever more mischievous behavior until their mother can bear it no longer and abandons them. The figure of the title is a woman with glass eyes and a wooden tail—the children lose no time fleeing from her into the woods. Clifford concludes their story on a soberly pathetic note: "They are there still, my children.... Now and then, when the darkness has fallen and the night is still, hand in hand Blue-Eyes and the Turkey creep up near to the home in which they were once so happy, and with beating hearts they watch and listen; sometimes a blinding flash comes through the window, and they know it is the light from the new mother's glass eyes, or they hear a strange muffled noise, and they know it is the sound of her wooden tail as she drags it along the floor." What makes this story even more poignantly disturbing is that the children's curiosity and sense of adventure get them into trouble, for the wild woman insists on bad behavior as a condition for seeing her beautiful toys.

After reading a story like this one, in which there is little comic relief and not a flash of redemptive hope, it is a real pleasure to turn to the twentieth-century reworkings of fairy tales in this anthology. But while many modern fairy tales are wonderfully inventive, playful and imaginative, others reveal how intent these stories can be on teaching lessons that ensure the self-subordination not only of children but of women as well. Sylvia Townsend Warner's 1940 sequel to "Bluebeard" features the daughter of Bluebeard repeating the sins of her mother, but learning to harness her curiosity to the service of her husband's scientific investigations: "To this day, though Bluebeard's daughter is forgotten, the wife of Kayel the astronomer is held in remembrance. It was she whose sympathetic collaboration supported him through his research into the Saturnian rings, it was she who worked out the mathematical calculations which enabled him to prove that the lost Pleiad would reappear in the year 1963." This story may well be an improvement over Charles Perrault's "Bluebeard"—in which a wife's failure to obey her husband (a serial murderer) is treated as an act of delinquency or infidelity—but it is surely more interesting as a reflector of social arrangements and gender hierarchies in the United States during the first part of this century than as a cultural story for children today.

Although many of the texts collected by Lurie document the shifting fortunes of the classical fairy tale as it was reappropriated for adults, there are also stories for children in this collection. The most compelling are, not surprisingly, the contemporary ones—postmodern fairy tales, if you will, that play fast and loose with the traditional rules—inserting ironic reversals into the action, shifting perspectives and, in general, producing an unsettling effect through their playful irreverence toward folkloric and literary ancestors. Jeanne Desy's "Princess Who Stood on Her Own Two Feet" begins by elaborating on that quintessential fairy-tale virtue of sacrificing for love, then turns that notion on its head to end by enunciating the importance of (sometimes) *refusing* to sacrifice for love. Tanith Lee's "Prince Amilec," whose hero ends by marrying the "pretty" and "clever" witch who helped him discharge impossible tasks set by an insufferable princess, uses a light touch to subvert our expectations about happy endings. These authors may be as didactic in their own ways as Perrault or Grimm, but they provide a provocative reversal of ground rules for the child familiar with fairy-tale conventions.

For reasons that doubtless have more to do with copyright laws than with quality control, Lurie has not included some wonderfully successful examples of recently published fairy tales. In Jon Scieszka's *The Stinky Cheese Man and Other Fairly Stupid Tales*, we meet Little Red Running Shorts, who beats the wolf to granny's house and taunts him with the words "My, what slow feet you have." "A. Wolf," author of *The True Story of the Three Little Pigs*, insists that he only wanted to borrow a cup of sugar from the pigs whose homes he inadvertently destroyed with his uncontrollable sneezes. And *The Frog Prince Continued* features a hero hopping off happily ever after with the princess he has transformed into a frog with a kiss. There are also Roald Dahl's *Revolting Rhymes*, in which Little Red Riding Hood sports a new fur coat after her encounter with the wolf—Stephen Sondheim's Broadway musical *Into the Woods* must have been inspired by these hilarious spoofs of the old tales. Dahl's Red Riding Hood also ends up with a second wolfskin coat and a handsome pigskin traveling case after racing to "rescue" the last of the three little pigs.

Scieszka, Dahl and others have taken the measure of our cultural stories, interrogating, challenging and contesting their "timeless and universal truths" and thus liberating adult and child from the dreary predictable lessons and humorless prose of many printed versions, engaging them in a series of playful disruptions and critical challenges to cultural traditions. Scieszka's books and Dahl's rhymes give us unfinished texts, stories that destabilize fairy-tale conventions and remind us that there is nothing sacred about the printed word, especially when it comes to stories derived from an oral culture that produced endless variations on themes through interactions between teller and audience. By revealing the cultural gap that separates the stories we construct from those produced in other times and places, many of the authors represented in Lurie's collection create an opportunity for engaging children in the process of storytelling, authorizing them to work with the adult reader to negotiate relevant meanings. If this suggests yet another not so hidden agenda for children's literature, it also reveals the degree to which all storytelling is invested in a subtle microphysics of cultural power.

For centuries now, we have worked hard to foster an utterly passive relationship between children and the texts produced for them. First there were the accounts of pious children's deaths—most notable among them James Janeway's seventeenth-century *Token for Children: Being an Account of the Conversion, Holy and Exemplary Lives, and Joyful Deaths of Several Young Children*—all of which end in the cemetery and seem intent on ensuring that children will long for the grave. Theological indoctrination gave way in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries to moral instruction that dictated relentless self-improvement, discipline and social accommodation. This was the age that gave birth to the British *New Game of Virtue Rewarded and Vice Punished*, whose game board was covered with such attractive scenes and figures as "The Stocks," "The House of Correction," "Faith" and "Prudence." (Our *Chutes and Ladders*—which rewards those who land on pictures of children mowing the lawn, sweeping the floor or baking a cake and penalizes those who land on pictures of children eating candy, reaching for cookies or scribbling on walls—is its direct descendant.)

While it is difficult to determine exactly what is at stake for our time and place in the production of children's lit-

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erature, it is not hard to divine a conspicuous need to position the child as the target of social acculturation and therapeutic interventions. Characters are exposed to adult agendas about friendship, manners and feelings, or they must work through what are perceived to be typical anxieties and hostilities to provide a cathartic experience for the child reading the book. The notion of bibliotherapy for children is epitomized in a succinct formulation from Bruno Bettelheim's highly acclaimed *Uses of Enchantment*: fairy tales help children "master the psychological problems of growing up—overcoming narcissistic disappointments, oedipal dilemmas, sibling rivalries, becoming able to relinquish childhood dependencies; gaining a feeling of selfhood and self-worth and a sense of moral obligation."

What all of these programs—whether theological, moral or therapeutic—have in common is a belief in the need to improve the reprobate child. Tainted by original sin, marked by sloth and disobedience or disabled by transgressive desires, the child emerges as a monster that must be redeemed, reformed or rehabilitated through the stories told by adults. If our own age seems more benevolently tolerant of children and of their behavior than earlier times, we need only take note of how Bettelheim, in the space of a few pages, accuses Hansel and Gretel of "denial and regression," "destructive desires," "uncontrolled craving," "oral greediness," "unrestrained giving in to gluttony," "cannibalistic inclinations," "untamed id impulses" and "uncontrolled voraciousness."

Lurie's collection reminds us of just how elastic the fairy tale is as a genre (accommodating didactic stories, cautionary tales, gags, parodies, urban folklore and supernatural thrillers) and how it thrives on persistent subversion of its ground rules. Charles Dickens, Oscar Wilde, Robert Louis Stevenson, James Thurber, Angela Carter, Jane Yolen—each of these writers reveals the vibrancy and vitality of the tradition even when it has been removed from oral settings to a culture of the printed word. These authors, along with the many others in Lurie's collection, reveal that fairy tales have as much to gain as to lose in making the transition from folktales to their literary elaborations.

MARIA TATAR, professor of German at Harvard University, is the author most recently of *Off With Their Heads! Fairy Tales and the Culture of Childhood* (Princeton University Press).

TRB *continued from page 4*

its citizens, be it quality education or health care or decent housing. The method of fulfilling that guarantee is merely a technical issue. If "vouchers" or other market mechanisms are more efficient than direct government provision of services, it is insane for liberals to oppose them.

It's true that if school choice spreads, the public schools will no longer perform the democratic function of a place where children of different races, ethnic groups and economic backgrounds learn to mix as equals. Unfortunately, due to residential segregation, they already don't perform that function. The public elementary school I attended in Detroit was half white and half black. Now it's all black. Even back then, the private high school I attended in suburban Detroit was more integrated than the neighboring public schools.

Indeed, some of the opposition to California's Prop 174—to the dismay of conservative ideologues—is coming from affluent suburbanites who like their culturally isolated public school systems, and who fear that choice will erode that comfortable isolation.

Conservative ideologues are in for other surprises if school choice becomes the norm. Some are already warning of the government mandates that come with government money. If private and religious schools accept students paid for with public funds, will they not also have to accept public oversight on matters ranging from school prayer to access for the disabled to the dreaded "diversity"? That is exactly what happened to America's private universities.

Conservatives might well have the opposite worry, too. Especially in a place like California, there is no end to groups that might like to start a school of their own with the government paying. How will conservatives like to see their tax dollars going for nudist schools or black nationalist schools or devil-worshiping schools? They may long for the day when the only government subsidy they could find to take offense at was the occasional crucifix in a jar of urine. And yet, having demanded "choice," they will be hard-put to complain simultaneously about too much government regulation of schools they like and not enough regulation of schools they don't like.

But then again, that's what "choice" is all about.

MICHAEL KINSLEY

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PARIS DIARIST

Others

THE FRENCH, WHO HAVE A strong sense of who they are and who they are not, wonder why there are so many of their ex-colonials—Maghreb Arabs, sub-Saharan Africans, Southeast Asians—living among them. The ironists say this is because the homelands of these "others" are now independent. In the heyday of empire, however, it was the French themselves who deliberately eroded many of the political and psychological borders, claiming, for example, that Algeria was not a colony of France but a *département integral,* just like, say, the Marne. Indeed, there are still a few places in the world remote from France where children start the day by singing "La Marseillaise," talk of "nos ancêtres les gaulois" and show their prowess by reciting the names of the kings of France, backward and forward, from Hugh Capet to Louis Philippe. I cannot count how many times I've been told about the special French mission in Syria and Lebanon. So the French have a love-hate relationship with their former servants, and their former servants with them. Which is why only the crudest Frenchman will tell you what most of his compatriots think about all these Muslims and Africans on the voting rolls and in the streets. In any case, they intend to find a way to keep more of them from coming. And this is the country Josephine Baker and James Baldwin thought home.

AS THE LAST REVENGE OF IMPErialism on the colonized was the nation-state, so its last revenge on the colonizers was the out-migration to the metropolitan country of "natives." No one should pretend that, especially in an ethnic nation like France, 8 or 10 percent of the population—and growing steadily—with alien habits and values constitutes something less than a challenge to the country's cultural identity. You can't have it both ways: if preserving the Mexican culture of Mexicans in America is important, preserving the French culture of the French in France must be important. When my wife and I spent a sabbatical here in 1989, a *commission des sages*—an institution peculiarly French—was pondering the problem and concluded that it was actually a threat. Of course, there was also the threat of Le Pen and his *Front National.* His star has now faded, but only because all the other parties have been exploiting the same fears. And these fears are not unlike those afflicting other people with whom the French do not like to be compared, i.e., the Germans.

I AM IN PARIS FOR A CONFERENCE on xenophobia. The context is clear: aside from the mass deportations under Stalin and the exchange of populations at the birth of India and Pakistan (for which exchanges there was political if not popular assent) we are now in the midst of the greatest transfer of people in history—some of it voluntary, most of it circumstantial or desperate, some of it simply forced. There is intra-European migration (east to west, including some hopeless Russians to less hopeless Poland), and there are the usual waves from far less developed countries. We know the xenophobia these movements have provoked in Germany, and French participants in the conference have gone to great pains to distinguish Rostock from anything that has occurred in France. But then Germany has shouldered a greater immigrant influx than any other state, not least from Bosnia, where the French (along with the British and the Russians) have warranted the most murderous xenophobia in Europe since the Nazi genocide of the Jews.

THE CONFERENCE HAS TWO SPONsors: one is *Passages,* a normally lively magazine with an occasional (but typically French) weakness for both certified heavy thinking and airy pronunciamentos by high officials. The other is UNESCO, in whose gargantuan headquarters, built in brutish style and set jarringly alongside the graces of the Invalides, the meetings are being held. Peter Schuck of Yale, Martin Levin of Brandeis and I spoke about the United States as an exception to the worldwide sweep of xenophobia, at least as regards immigrants. In the last decade 44 percent of our legal immigrants were from Asia (most of them from the Philippines), 27 percent were from Latin America (excluding Mexico, which sent 14 percent) and only 13 percent came from Europe. (Illegals, asylees and refugees probably increase the Hispanic and Asian proportions.) These results are by now hardly unanticipated, and they mean a vast change in the demographic profile of the American people. Of course, unlike the French or the Germans, we are not an ethnic nation, and our demographic profile has always been changing. There is nothing in the public debate in the United States about immigration that even faintly resembles the debate in France.

THE MOST EXPLOSIVE MOMENTS seem to be not interethnic but intra-French. Jacques Chirac, mayor of Paris and heir-presumptive to the presidency (at least in his own mind), attacked xenophobia and was attacked for being a xenophobe. And so it went. Certainly the parties of the French right won the last election with pledges to stop the foreign tides. But the Socialists had tried to win that election by passing legislation not very much less exclusionary than the intentions of their opponents. Like the Democrats in the States, they played xenophobic catch-up, only loftily. In a classic call, one speaker said that "the problem of clandestine immigration must be dealt with by great lucidity." Another's wisdom: "The policy of France to immigrants must be openness but reasonably limited openness."

I DON'T WANT TO GIVE THE IMpression that in France there is no multicultural curiosity. Jean Paul Gaultier's fashion of the season is based on Hasidic garb: the *tzitzis* (fringes) commanded in Deuteronomy, the *shtreiml* (broad-brimmed hat), the *kapoteh* (long coat), first worn in the *shtetlach* of sixteenth-century Hungary. Right there in Gaultier's shop windows on the rue Vivienne was a stunning skullcap of delicate gold and more delicate lace, a yarmulke, or *kipah,* unlike any other, ever. Inside, as on other labels in the line, was the designer's signature in Yiddish (see the art on this page). Gaultier says he intends these clothes to be a statement against the revival of anti-Semitism in Europe. No less. And just as I write, Dolce e Gabbana in Milan have put on the catwalk a spring line evoking what they call the innocence and purity of women, a renunciation of the permissiveness of our era. The designers' P.R. says they were inspired by Persia, "on the eastern end of the Mediterranean." Admittedly, some of the fabric is sheer. But the sleeves go to the wrists, hem lengths to the ankles. And, oh yes, the women wear veils. Perhaps this is also a protest against the bum rap handed the ayatollas by the West.

MARTIN PERETZ

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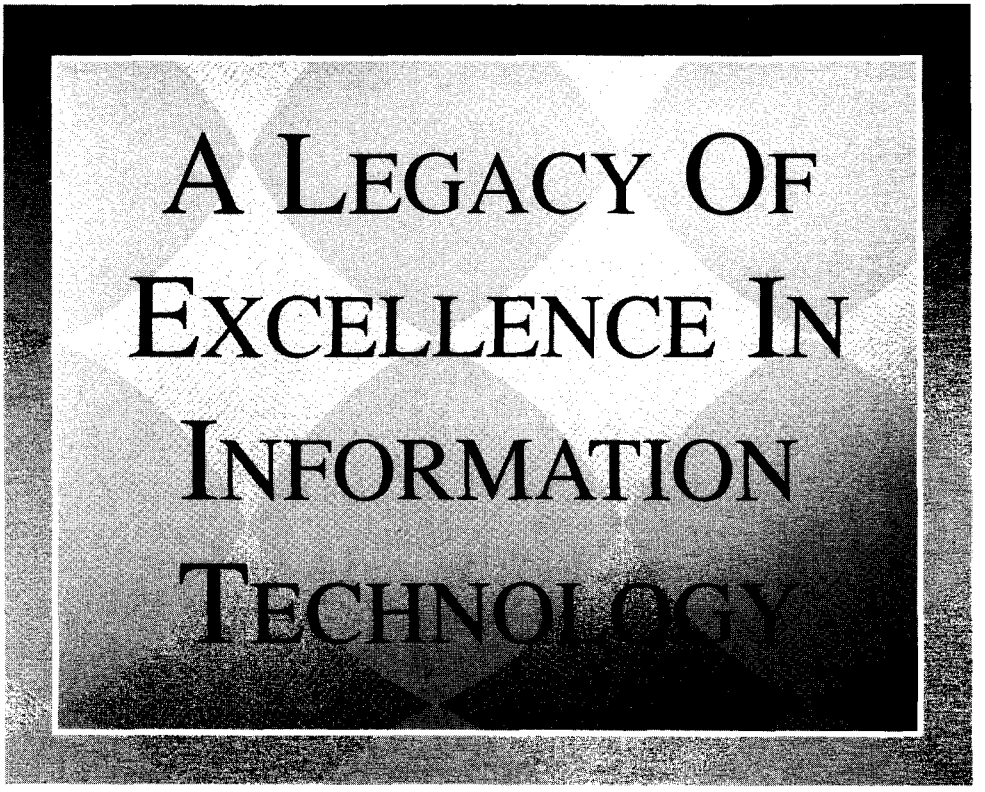

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